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COMMENT OF THE DAY

HK's Population

WHEN publicly proclaimed estimates of Hongkong's population can range up to three and a half million, it occurs to us that it is time Government gave serious consideration to putting the record straight by means of a census.

The last census taken in Hongkong was 25 years ago and that was at a time when it is comparatively simple to compute the size of the population within 50,000 one way or the other. Today Government and private citizens permit themselves a margin up to half a million when estimating the number of inhabitants.

But a census would serve more than the simple purpose of counting heads. It could provide vital socio-economic statistics and information, which in turn could help guide Government and social welfare organisations in their policies and their operations. One object which a census could achieve would be to discover and tabulate the areas of population density as well as the variable economic standards in those areas. From such information more rational long-term planning for the community's needs could result.

In one respect, at least, it would be easier to take a more accurate census today than it was a quarter of a century ago. Then the great problem was to ascertain the so-called floating population which moved continuously between the Colony and the mainland. Now, apart from the fishing fleet which is based on Hongkong and is readily accessible for head-counting, there is little movement of the population. The number of itinerants has been reduced to a handful.

Another valuable function which a census could perform would be to categorise our refugees. Dr Hambro's field workers did a commendable job within a very strict limitations in ascertaining the Colony's refugee population. But the figures on which his report was based were anything but conclusive.

Consequently there could be only one serious objection to the taking of a census—the cost, which would probably be in the region of a million dollars. Nonetheless, a carefully prepared census form would produce some invaluable information and statistics, and would provide a realistic population base year for future comparison.

TANKS CORDON OFF POZNAN

Foreigners Warned, "Remain In City" SITUATION UNDER CONTROL

Poznan, Poland, June 29.

Many Polish army tanks of Russian design today cordoned off the international exhibition city of Poznan where grave "we-want bread" rioting by masses of determined steel workers yesterday resulted in 38 people being killed and 270 wounded.

Foreigners were officially warned not to travel out of Poznan by rail as the line might not be safe.

Crowds thronged the streets looking at the debris, especially the broken windows of the security police headquarters, the walls of which had been pock-marked with bullets.

The security police headquarters, outside which the shooting occurred yesterday, are on one side of the main square of the city in the Ulice Kochanowskiego. On the other side of the square are the radio headquarters. A nest of resistance was holding out in this building until early today.

In the centre of the square was an overturned tram. The square, and indeed most of the main streets of the town around the big fair ground where 35 nations are exhibiting their goods, swarmed with people.

They did not look nervous or intimidated. Many were laughing and joking.

The soldiers either smiled back or looked bored.

The demonstration which led to the disturbance yesterday was basically economic.

Workers' Slogans

Slogans shouted by the workmen from the Stalin works: "We want bread." "We want freedom." "We demand lower prices and higher wages." "Down with dictatorship."

It is noticeable that the customary official statement and newspaper comments have admitted that the economic situation is difficult in Poland and that the government is doing what it can to remove "the grievances of the working people."

The steel workers had apparently asked for better wages and living conditions. The demands were turned down. The workers became excited and the police made some arrests.

The reaction of the workmen is summed up in the phrase "this is not the new freedom we expected in Poland."

Well Organised

A strike was called and the demonstrations were well organised. When the crowds converged upon the centre of the town yesterday morning they were fairly good tempered, but also determined.

Headquarters of the Polish United Workers' (Communist) Party were invaded. Outside the

headquarters of the security police, the situation for some reason suddenly became ugly. Several eyewitnesses said that when the workmen found themselves faced with troops they called out "are you Poles?" and the soldiers roared back "Yes, we are Poles."

The Army and the ordinary police seemed to have shown demonstrators a lot of sympathy. People who were present said that some of the fraternising soldiers joined in the attack on the security police headquarters.

Stettin Rioting Reported

London, June 29.

Mr Z. Szymlowski, acting chairman of the Polish Council of National Unity—the "government" of exiled Poles—claimed here tonight that a riot also occurred yesterday in the Polish port of Stettin.

The report had been received through secret sources, but there was, as yet, no confirmation, his statement said.—Reuter.

Later full disciplinary control over the soldiers was regained and they started clearing the strikers out of the square. Other sources said that among the crowds were "clandestine armed groups" who took advantage of the strikers' demonstration for their own ends.

With the arrival of the tanks the army gained quick command over the situation.

More troops and police moved in during the night. Shooting was occurring spasmodically during the night although some of it may have been merely to keep people off the streets.—Reuter.

Marilyn Married

New York, June 29. Marilyn Monroe and playwright Arthur Miller were married tonight.

It was Marilyn's third marriage and Miller's second. The brief announcement said the Millers planned a delayed honeymoon in England.—United Press.

Senate Refuses To Slash Aid

Washington, June 29.

The Senate rejected today an amendment aimed at slashing a million dollars off the administration's \$4,500,000,000 foreign aid bill. The amendment was submitted by Republican Senator William Langer from North Dakota.

It was the second time in 24 hours that the Senate voted against big cuts in the bill. By 58 votes to 27, the Senate last night rejected an amendment calling for a reduction of \$1,700,000,000 from the bill.

Amendments proposing smaller reductions will now go before the Senate. The Upper House earlier adopted an amendment proposed by Senator Everett Dirksen (Republican of Illinois) setting aside a sum of five million dollars to be used at the discretion of the President to maintain the spirit of liberty in countries having Communist governments.

This is to be done through exchanges, support of private organisations and other means.—France-Press.

Given 48 Hours To Surrender

Kuala Lumpur, June 29.

Security forces tonight halted the bombardment of terrorists in the Ampang area, on the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur, and announced a 48-hour ceasefire so six terrorists could surrender.

A voice aircraft flew low over the jungle where the terrorists were believed to be hiding and told them it was safe for them to come out. The plane also dropped leaflets carrying the same message. The Communist band, under a district committee member Ah Wei, has been harassed by mortars and shells daily since June 18.—Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 5: The astonishing career of Sophie Dawes, by C. D. T. Baker-Carr: A world's strangest story. A plain man's guide to Linda, Edmund and Tyrone; Logan Gourlay tries to unravel the complicated threads of three film lives.

P. 6: The Gay Prince, by Section Editor, Prince Abdul Rahman of Malaysia lays down conditions for British honours from Russell Spurr.

P. 7: Incredible Cup Finals by George Whiting: This week—when Stan Matthews won for Blackpool.

P. 8: The Atom Wives don't live in 1984. Kenneth Allsop visits them at Harwell and tells you what it is like. The spy at Cliveden and the distinguished guests who talk too much, by Robert J. Edwards.

P. 13: A new series begins: the greatest VCs of them all—the story of Faddy Gammas, by Donald Gomery.

P. 16 & 17: Sports roundup.

PREMIERS REASSURED BY NEHRU

London, June 29.

Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was reported to have reassured the Commonwealth premiers today regarding the true intentions of Egyptian President, Gamal Abdel Nasser, in the conflict over Palestine.

Tension between Israel and her Arab neighbours was the chief topic studied by the premiers, at present in conference in London, during today's session, according to a Canadian source.

The premiers discussed the possibility of placing a 100 per cent embargo on arms deliveries to the Middle East, the source said, but they took no decision.

The Commonwealth premiers examined the situation regarding Cyprus and the island colony's role in the defence of the Commonwealth Middle East oil supply lines.

TURKEY BLAMED

The Colonial Secretary, Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd reported that difficulties over a settlement for Cyprus were caused at present more by Turkey than by the Cypriot, whose representatives posed numerous questions when, later, Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd briefly touched upon the problem of German reunification.

Mr Lester Pearson, Canadian External Affairs Minister, reported upon the North Atlantic alliance and upon the role of the recently constituted committee of the three "wise men" of which he is a member.—France-Press.

Tragic Prelude To Press Conference

Roxbury, Conn., June 29.

A titled newspaperwoman was fatally injured today when the car in which she was riding smashed into a tree while pursuing the car of Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller to a news conference.

Princess Mara Scherbatoff, chief of the New York bureau of Paris Match magazine, was thrown into the windshield when the car swerved off the narrow, winding country road and crashed. She died about four hours later in New Milford, Connecticut, hospital.

Miller stopped his car and ran back to give assistance after the crash, then sprinted down the road to his rural home, where he telephoned for a doctor and ambulance.

His cousin Mortou drove Miss Monroe to the house. The actress, her face pale, dashed past startled newsmen assembled for the news conference and vanished into the house.

DRIVER INJURED

When reporters arrived at the wreck, a scene in which Princess Scherbatoff was lying in the road, covered with blood.

Her companion, the driver of the car, Ira Slade, brother of Match photographer Paul Slade, clutched at an injured knee and shouted for a doctor. He was later reported to have suffered a broken leg and other injuries.

The Warsaw Russian Embassy, who had been reporting the Monroe-Miller romance for the Paris picture magazine, died in the hospital's emergency room. She had been living in New York for several years.

The accident put a damper on the news conference at which the couple hinted they may slip off and be married secretly.—United Press.

Not Out Of This World

London, June 29.

The British Air Minister, Mr Nigel Birch, said today that the Russians have got a great and powerful air force with good aeroplanes and very good pilots, but he did not think the West need be put out of countenance by its quality.

Mr Birch made this statement in London today on his return from Moscow where he led a group of British air experts and high RAF officers attended the Soviet air force display last Sunday.

Referring to the Soviet air force, Mr Birch said: "It is not out of this world. It is not overwhelmingly good, but it is in the bracket of other great Powers."—France-Press.

IKE'S APPEAL

Washington, June 29.

President Eisenhower today called for a renewed effort to seek exchanges of "information and ideas" with the Soviet Union and Eastern European countries as proposed by the Western foreign ministers at Geneva last October.—Reuter.

Scott-Moncreiff Promoted

London, June 29.

Vice-Admiral Sir Alan K Scott-Moncreiff, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy's Far East station, has been promoted to Admiral, the Admiralty announced tonight.

Sir Alan Scott-Moncreiff took part in Russian convoy operations in the last year and served in destroyers during the invasion of Sicily and Salerno.—Reuter.

Laotian Dispute

LEADERS TO HOLD MEETING

Vientiane, Laos, June 29.

The government announced today that Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Laotian Premier, has agreed to hold a meeting with Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao forces, to discuss a settlement of the Laotian problem.

The announcement said that correspondence had already been exchanged between the Premier and the leader of the Pathet Lao forces, which were the allies of the Vietnamese during the Indo-Chinese war.

A meeting between the two men would open the way for the reopening of talks between the government and the Pathet Lao "as soon as possible" to decide on the future of the Pathet Lao forces, in conformity with the Geneva armistice agreement on Indo-China, the announcement said.

Meanwhile, Prince Souvanna Phouma told an Agency France-Press correspondent that he would visit Peking on the invitation of Chinese Communist Premier, Chou En-lai, but only after the holding of the conference with the Pathet Lao.

He stressed the fact that his visit to China would be a "courtesy visit, neighbour to neighbour."—France-Press.

WEAK TROPICAL DEPRESSION

The Royal Observatory this morning reported the existence of a weak tropical depression situated about 100 miles south-east of Hongkong and moving slowly north.

The depression was centred within 60 miles of 21.4 deg. N. and 116.4 deg. E.

DEADLOCKED

New York, June 29.

United Steel Workers President David J. McDonald said today the nation's steel workers are "really hot" and "bitterly resent" the steel industry's stand for a five-year contract.

"We got nowhere today," he told a news conference following a meeting of the Union's 170-man wage-policy committee. United Press.

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Which drink is the quickest quencher?

ALL THE DRINKS on earth are the most refreshing and reviving is lime juice. This is a fact you can prove to yourself, in a few enjoyable seconds, next time the sun shines. You will also find that this cool, clear cordial restores your energy on sultry, muggy days. So the best idea is to drink lots of lime juice all the summer through—can you think of a more enjoyable health rule than that?

WHY IS LIME JUICE?

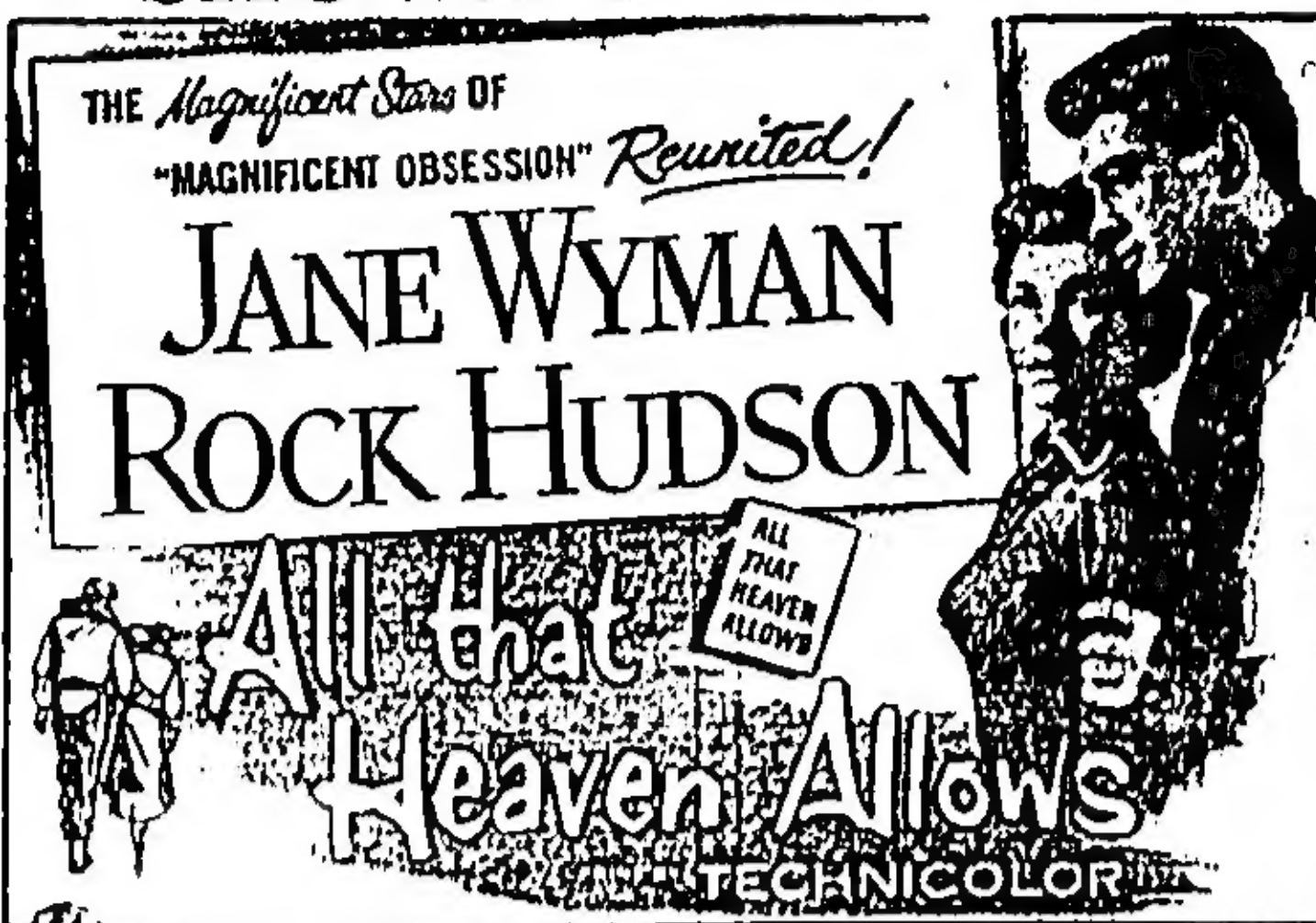
Purely and simply the juice of the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit. The best lime juice is made by Boon's who grow their own limes. The juice, filtered and sweetened, provides a natural and delicious fruit drink. Try the taste of getting the real thing, not specially for Boon's.

Lime Juice for Summer Energy

The best you can buy is Boon's

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



AGNES MOOREHEAD • CONRAD NAGEL • A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
Burt Lancaster & Jean Peters in "APACHE" VARIETY PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS by United Artists

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW Extra Show At 12.10 p.m.

A Truly Great Indian Production

EAGLE FILMS Present

Shammi Kapoor and Nadira in

"SIPAH SALAR"

With Kamal Mehra, Sham Kumar, Samson, Kum Kum, Helen, Cuckoo and S. Nazir

Produced by F. C. Mehra Music by: Iqbal

Directed by: Mohd. Husain

At Regular Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY

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GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY

HOOVER

1st MATINEE

12.00 Noon

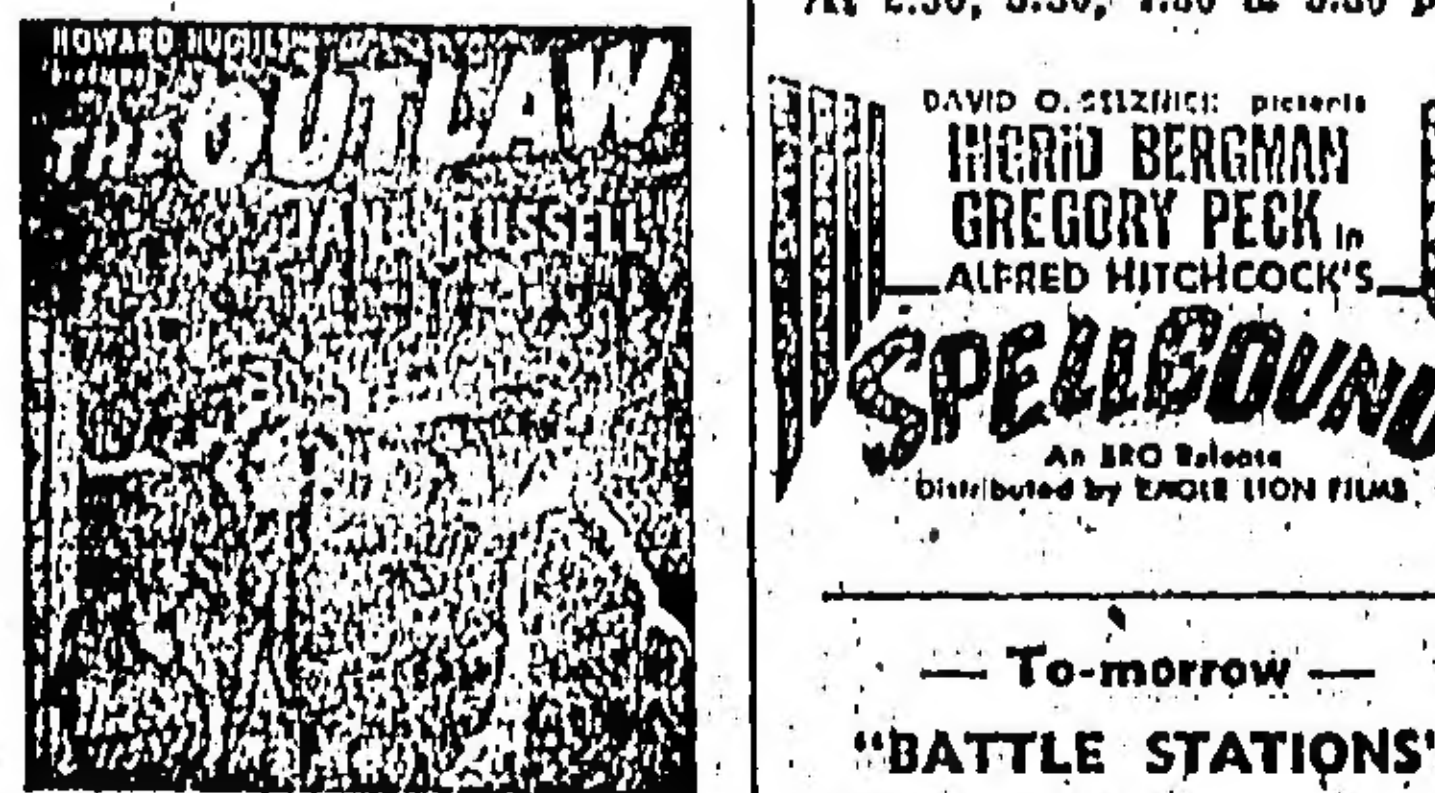
LIBERTY

1st MATINEE

12.30 p.m.

CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY ONLY DON'T MISS IT!!
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



To-morrow Morning Show

Jane Russell & Jeanne Crain

In "GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES"

UniversalScope & Technicolor

TO-MORROW "LAST ACT" A Columbia Picture
Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. "BATTLE CRY" In CinemaScope

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz (Mr and Mrs Arnaz in real life) are the stars of "Forever Darling" coming to the Hoover and Liberty cinemas.



Jane Wyman introduces Rock Hudson to a quizzical Agnes Moorehead in "All That Heaven Allows"

Heaven doesn't allow a great deal in "All That Heaven Allows". If, for Heaven, you read Hollywood, all it lets its love-starved heroine get along with is an odd clinch with her upright gardener (perhaps it would be more kind, as well as kind, to call him her gardening contractor) a very sedate attempt at smooching by a wolf who could be recognised as such from the distance of at least seven leagues and a few well-bred jibes. Such are the likeliest of the things that lead to sympathy from both ends of the studio line.

Lovely Colours

The colour are lovely, they are, but the warm summer that is a little behind and they contain all the glow that should be in the film, so young, young that winter isn't so far away and that she'd be well advised to make the most of the transition period before it fades into the starkness of winter.

It seems that something of the urgency of what many people cynically consider to be a selfish reason gets through to Jane Wyman, for with no malice aforethought, but with an obvious stirring of interest for someone a little less hide-bound than her immediate acquaintances, she invites the hunching young man who has been coming for her trees, to take a cup of coffee. It's a symbolical cup of coffee, for in spite of a cool beginning, the relationship proves to be stimulating to both parties.

It would seem that all should be plain sailing from here on, in spite of the ten-year difference in age. It appears that the young man is one of those "the piece with himself" individuals. With the asset of size, he can afford to look down benevolently from his height, and from a vantage point of complete (and attractive) self-sufficiency, smile with Gulliver's detachment on the ferocious condemnation of society's views on his relationship with the wealthy widow.

Romantic Whispers

Not so Jane Wyman. She is pulled backwards, forwards and sideways by the disapproval of her two obnoxious children, by her love for the young man and her wish to marry him, by the practical considerations advanced by her worldly-wise friend, Agnes Moorehead and by the general interference of the particularly little devil in which she has been caught. Gulliver's detachment on the ferocious condemnation of society's views on his relationship with the wealthy widow.

Three Ballets

"Invitation To The Dance" is the culmination for Gene Kelly of a three-year-old dream.

His idea was to produce, on the screen, a full-length feature devoted to the Dance. There was to be no dialogue, no connection between the three ballets that would make up the programme (this is a weak part in the structure) and he would be solely responsible for both direction and choreography. He would also dance a leading role in all three ballets.

The finished article, however, is good entertainment — if you like ballet. The colour is rich and is dramatically used. The choreography is imaginative and the music well chosen.

With Puppets

It is enmeshed with the perogation of a puppet which is a husband to his wife. She in turn passes it to her lover, he to a model, and so on until it returns to the husband.

There is more movement in this than "The Circus" but from the dancing point of view it is not as good. It reminded me of the "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue" ballet in which Gene Kelly partnered Vera-Ellen.

A Western

Dana Andrews is one of those square-jawed, serene-faced fellows with whom one might feel justified in trusting one's daughter. As far as I can remember he has never played a heel, so when a "good" white man is required to carry the peace pike to the Indians, what better choice than clean living Mr Andrews?

I've seen so many westerns in the course of reviewing films that I could almost draw up a dossier for each of the principal Red Indian tribes (though probably be pulled up on an important point by a knowledgeable schoolboy), so when the title "Comanche" flashed on the screen, my mental filing cabinet clicked open and registered "Comanches — cruel, warlike, natural killers, indigenous to New Mexico. And quickly on the heels of this followed the thought "How on earth are they going to look the

inevitable justification for this horrible lot."

As in all present-day westerns a reason is found for the unpleasant ways of even the rapacious Comanches and a renegade chief takes most of the blame.

It is absolutely unnecessary to indicate cruelty on the screen by including even oblique references to the mistreatment of children and I'm sorry to say that there are two such instances in the picture. With these two exceptions it's quite likeable western and even if it's a little difficult to believe the plucky heroine when she puts up a fight after wandering for days in the desert — "I haven't eaten since I don't know when" — perhaps she's the type that just can't lose weight.

The practice of helping the more slow-witted of us to understand the plot by employing a voice of off-screen to intone has been used once more, and the duty goes along behind the scenes telling of the just rewards that come to "a man who's as good as his word". And for comic relief there's Mike Mazurki in war paint turning the tables on expert card player Nestor Paiva, in a game of Black Jack.

Linda Cristal, a new Mexican find, is the girl.

Japanese Film

Japan's first science-fiction film bears a strong resemblance to similar films made by U.S. companies, particularly "The Creature From Outer Space" yet contains within it familiar patterns, elements particular to Japan.

In "Warning From Space" the moon-child is a creature from the planet Paur who comes to Earth to attempt to thwart the plan of Earthmen eventually to destroy their own world and the world of outer space through their experiments with nuclear explosives.

The creature from space succeeds in destroying the plan of a Japanese scientist for an explosive more powerful than any created before, but then the Earthmen learn that another planet is running wild in space, is headed for Earth and will completely obliterate it if not destroyed before it strikes.

The advanced brain from the planet help the scientist to recreate his explosives, and a rocket missile is built which halts the mad rush of the threatening planet, but not before great tidal waves have inundated downtown Tokyo in some of the finest work to date of Dole's special effects men.

Second Place?

Anybody who wanders what the less luminous cinema stars do when they are not appearing on the screen will be interested to hear of three typical examples.

Warner Brothers, who got into the television market in USA this year, is using John Sutton, Lee Bowman and John Ireland (who appeared here recently in the Queen's and Alhambra in "Hells Horizon") in their new weekly half-hour programmes.

Sutton's is a bring 'em back alive subject, shot in South America and called "Amazon Trader". Lee Bowman, in contrast, has a town role as an insurance investigator in a series with the title "Ninety-Six William Street".

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Invitation To The Dance". Three ballets with dancing by Gene Kelly, Tsunomura, Bella, Igor Youskevitch.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "All That Heaven Allows". Love story involving Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. With Agnes Moorehead and Conrad Nagel.

COMING

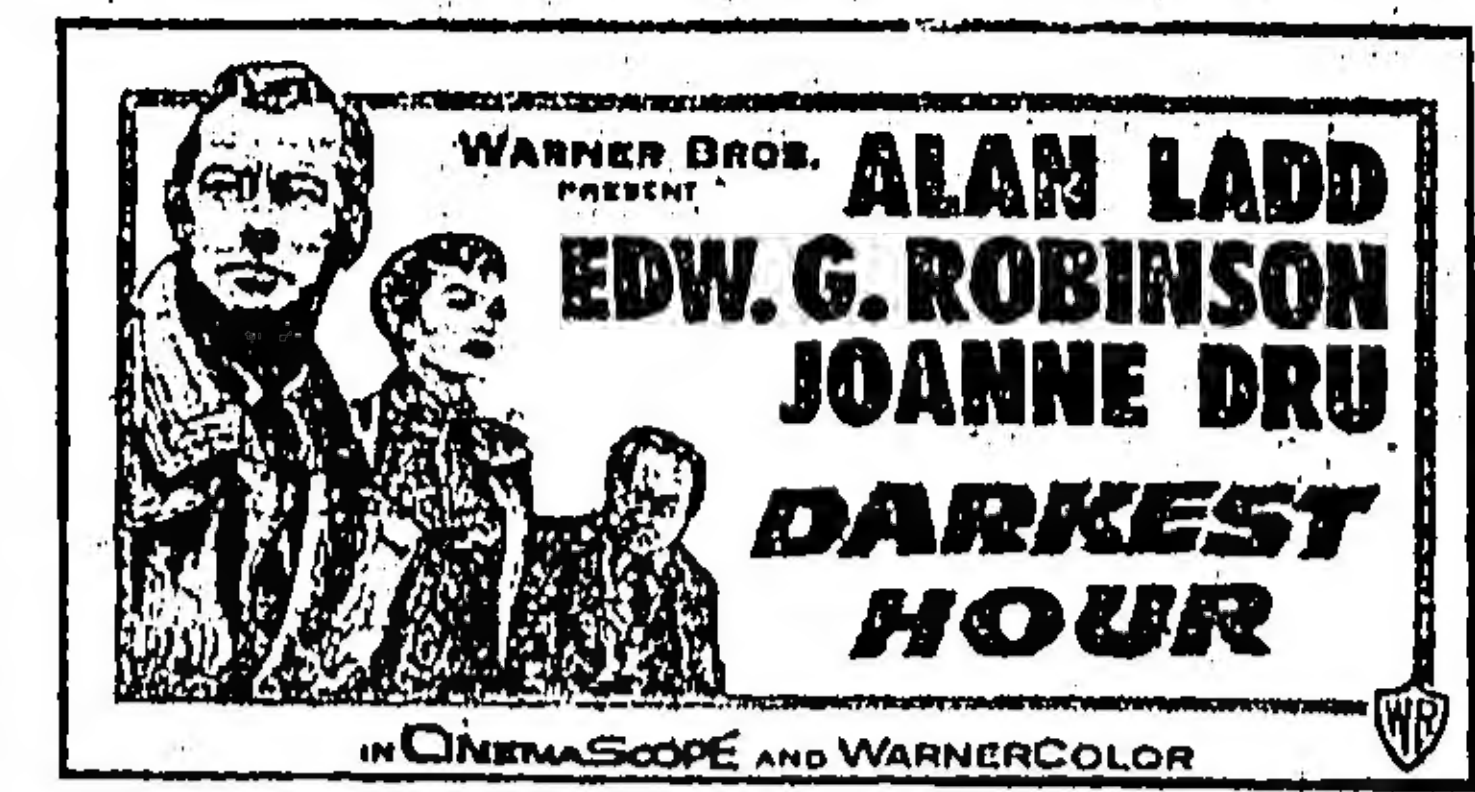
HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Forever Darling". Comedy. Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, James Mason.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Anything Goes". Musical. Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jeanne Crain.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



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QUEEN'S 5 SHOWS

"Darkest Hour"

AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA At 11.30 A.M. Only UA's Color Adventure "CROSSED SWORDS" Errol Flynn Gina Lollobrigida REDUCED PRICES!

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THE SAGA OF THE INDIAN NATION THAT KILLED MORE WHITE MEN THAN ANY OTHER TRIBE IN HISTORY!



CARL KRUEDER presents

"Comanche!"

DANA ANDREWS KENT SMITH LINDA CRISTAL

CINEMASCOPE COLOR-DELORE GEORGE SHERMAN CARL KRUEDER

THEATRE CITY

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Fox Colour Cartoons

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



A French Picture in English Version

Distributed by Pathe Overseas Ltd.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Charlie Chaplin

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN FESTIVAL" TECHNICAL CARTOONS PROGRAMME

Reduced Admission

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

H.K.S.P.C.

Needs financial support for the sake of poor children

Press PHOTOGRAPHS
Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China Sunday Post-Herald, and China Mail Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.
ORDERS BOOKED

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Shaharang-shu Kanta Acharyya, otherwise the Maharajah of Mymensingh, and Braintree beauty winner Janet Hicks, 20, toast each other in a London hotel after their wedding. The couple are honeymooning on the Continent. (Express)

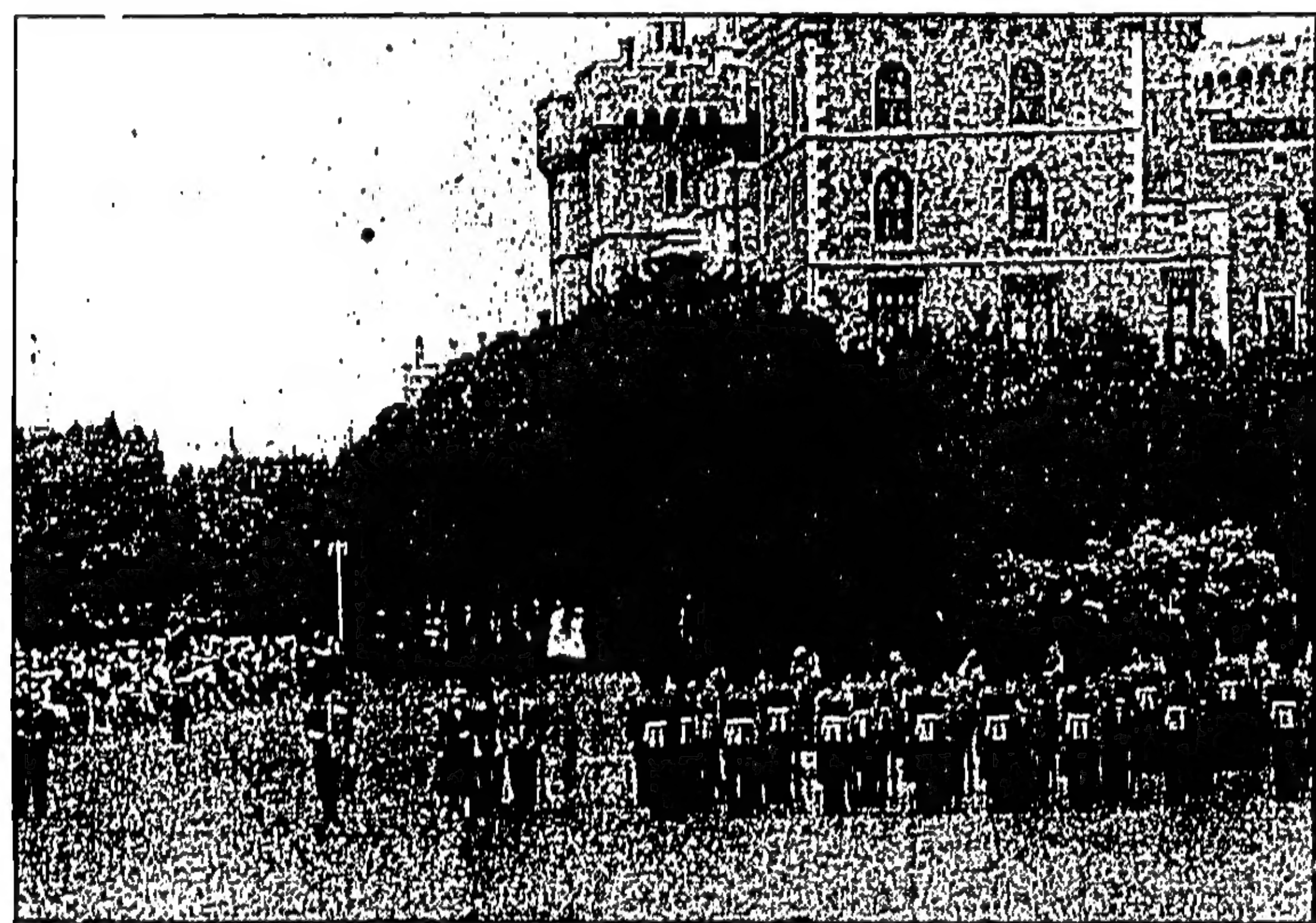
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN took the salute at the Tercentenary Parade of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor last Saturday. Picture below shows the scene as the Sovereign inspected the parade. (Army News)



THREE new Knights of the Garter — Sir Anthony Eden, Earl Attlee and the Earl of Iveagh — were installed recently at Windsor. They are seen walking in procession with Sir Winston Churchill. (Express)



A plan to cross the North Sea on water skis — a feat of endurance calling for about 15 hours of muscle-tearing strain — has been formulated by Alan Crompton, 28-year-old leader of the British Olympic snow ski team. The crossing will be made this summer. Crompton, holding skis, is seen with the man who towed him across the English Channel, speed ace Donald Campbell. (Express)



TWO jive fans get in the groove aboard a Thames riverboat last Sunday, when six bands aboard beat out hot music for some 2,000 fans. (Express)



BELOW: At the Royal Armoured Corps annual demonstration at Bovington and Lulworth, a Centurion tank emerges from a water trench. (Army News)

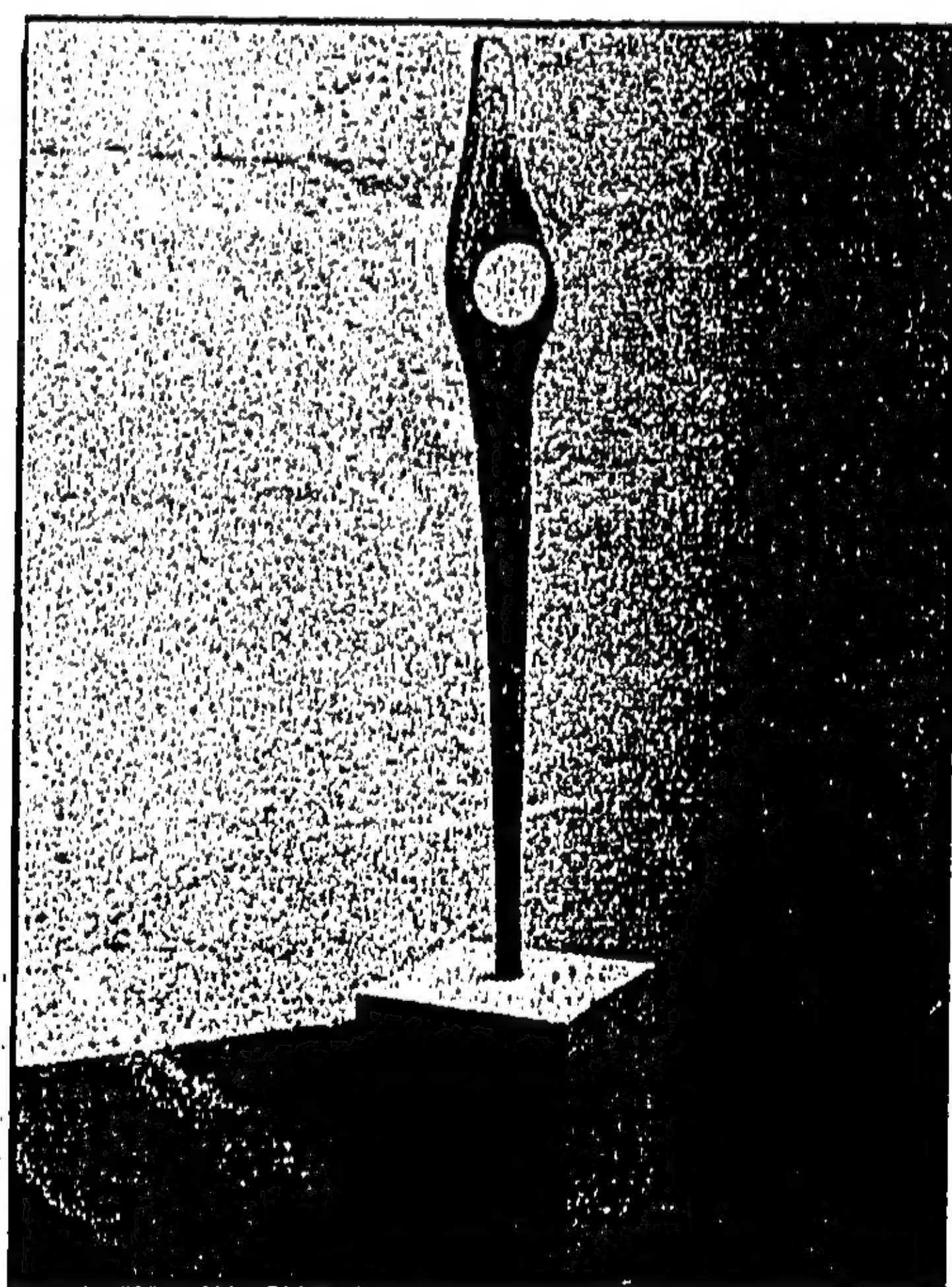
AT the Waterloo Day Parade at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the Governor, General Sir Bernard Paget, handed over to the Royal Scots Guards a standard captured from the French at Waterloo. The standard, paraded here, will be taken to the Services Museum at Edinburgh Castle. (Army News)

VIOLETTA ELVIN, Russian-born ballerina who is retiring from the Sadler's Wells ballet in order to get married, gave a farewell party at Covent Garden the other day to all her associates. Miss Elvin (right) is here seen with Dame Margot Fonteyn. (Express)



THE wife and two of the three children of Sergeant Ken McConnell—reported dead after a crash-landing in the Malay jungle but who survived a 20-day trek to safety — speak to him by telephone from England. Mrs McConnell is seen with seven-year-old Catherine and five-year-old Margaret. (Express)

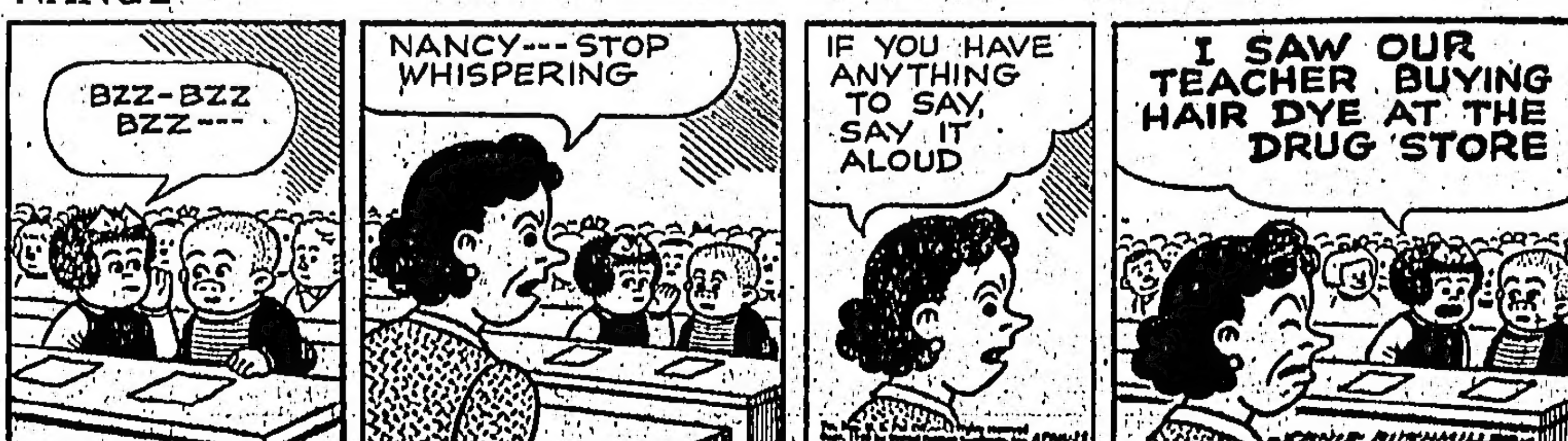
EN route to a fancy dress party in Chelsea, London, are the Duke of Kent and Miss Penny d'Erlanger. His absence earlier in the day at a wedding had caused comment. It was that of Jocelyn Stevens and Miss Jane Sheffield, the girl the Duke kissed publicly early this year at Klosters, Switzerland. (Express)

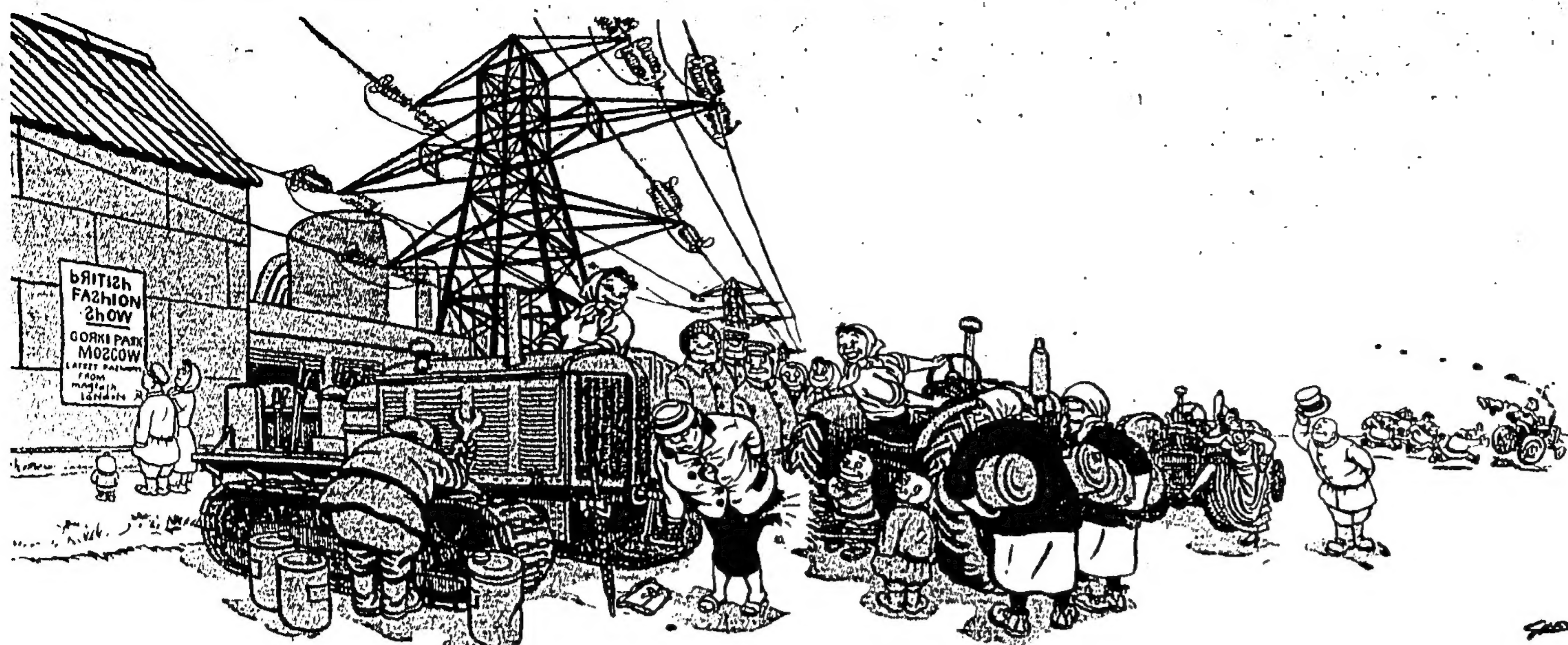


THIS item in a current London art exhibition, labelled "Vertical Figure," was sold to an unsuspecting admirer for a guinea. It was entered by Bert Darch, a jeweller, and is nothing but a piece of wood taken from a bucket of firewood, polished, varnished and mounted. (Express)



NANCY





"Tch! Tch! Your Mayfair outfit's not wearing very well, Comrade."

C. D. T. Baker-Carr Recalls One of the World's Strangest Stories



She was a pauper child... she became a millionairess—and the most talked-of woman in France

THE Marquess of Winchester's card party was in full swing at his stately London home. Stakes were high and luck was in for one of the visitors, the Duke of Bourbon, when it was decided to wager on something more exciting than money. One young blood suggested that Sophie Dawes, a tall, beautifully proportioned girl of 19, should be the prize.

Sophie's blue eyes sparkled with amusement as she watched the whist-playing peers round the tables. At length the Duke of Bourbon, an exile in Britain, sat back with a smile. Sophie Dawes was his. The duke, a big heavily-built man of 55 and a multi-millionaire in his native France, was delighted with his win.

Such is one account of how Sophie Dawes started on the road to riches. But there are other stories... that he found her in a Piccadilly resort; that he stole her away from an officer lover; that he bribed a rich foreigner at Turnham Green to "release" her.

Seventh Child

Whatever the true version, Sophie was born on September 29, 1792, the seventh child in a pauper family, in the little fishing village of St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight. Her father,

Richard Dawes, was an acknowledged drunkard, slyster-seller, pill and smuggler. At 13 Sophie was put into service at the home of a local farmer, one Chitt, with whom she stayed for two years.

By 1809 Sophie was in London, attending a Chelsea school

to brush up her meagre education. Two years later she became the property of the Duke of Bourbon. He had fled the French Revolution and the three of the galliot to live in England for nearly 25 years since Louis XVIII came to the throne. The duke was well known as a prodigal of money.

It was at Wandsworth House that the duke—he was living there with his father, the aged Prince of Condé—heard that his only son had been assassinated as he stood beside a ready-dug grave in Vincennes. This news was to colour the remainder of young Sophie Dawes' life—make her a mistress, a millionairess, a welcome visitor to the French Court and, most probably, a murderess.

A Husband

The duke set up Sophie in a London house of her own. There she rapidly learned several foreign languages plus a smattering of Latin and Greek. In 1815 she moved to Paris, changing house regularly each year until in 1817 she settled down at No. 9, Rue Neuve-des-Capucines, claiming to be the natural daughter of the Duke of Bourbon, born during his residence abroad.

All her life Sophie had a hankering after respectability and so a husband was found for her—33-year-old Army officer Adrien-Victor Feuchères, who was told at his first meeting with the duke: "I've known the lady since she was a baby..."

Any man of honour could marry her. They were doubly married in London on August 6, 1818, at a Protestant church and at a Roman Catholic chapel.

The duke gave her dowry amounting to an annual income of 2,000 francs. Her husband was created Baron Feuchères and given the post of Gentleman in the duke's household—a nice, ironic touch. Thus Sophie was reunited with her elderly lover, who was still hopelessly infatuated.

But turmoil was at work and in February, 1820, the disgruntled husband was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and made aide-de-camp to the Duke of Bourbon. Sophie, however, still treated him with lofty contempt and in March, 1824, she brought matters to a head by admitting: "No, I'm not the duke's daughter—I'm his mistress."

Domestic Scuffle

A domestic scuffle resulted, she using her fists and a hairbrush. The timely entry of the Duke of Bourbon saved the situation—temporarily.

But the little family group was broken up, and Sophie sent for her mother. Mrs. Dawes, Sophie and her young sister Charlotte all set up home in Paris for a time. But Sophie soon tired of respectability and returned to the Palais-Bourbon—and her duke.

The dotting duke made a will leaving Sophie his two estates at Saint-Leu and Boissy—and, of course, she was to enjoy the revenues—20,000 francs a year—at once. In 1825 he increased his gifts still further, bringing her annual income to about one million francs.

But the news of the ducal scandal had reached the ears of the King, Louis XVIII, and Sophie was no longer welcome at Court. The Archbishop of Paris, a pair of France, declined an invitation to dine with Sophie and Bourbon, saying he would not provide the "mantle of respectability" his presence would give.

During yet another bout Sophie had her husband placed

in the retired list, and began to be even more generous with her acknowledged mistress. She appointed a backwoodsman from Brittany, Louis Spindler Frain, Count Vauguisier, to be First Gentleman of the bedchamber, and those all the duke's mistresses and relations.

Even her two cousins were not forgotten. Matilda was married to the marquis de Chabannes, a colonel of the Royal Guard and a nephew of Talleyrand; James was married to an admiral's daughter who received from the Duke of Bourbon 200,000 francs, an estate at Fossas, and promotion to the peerage as Baron de Fossas.

In 1827 Sophie's current lover was a retired, but still young, general, Baron Lambert, who was promptly made the Duke of Bourbon's senior A.D.C. and private secretary. But her plottings and intrigues now took on a sinister turn.

The old duke was without an heir and receiving much family advice as to who should inherit his name and vast fortune. Sophie pinned her hopes in the right strategic quarter—the family of the Duke of Orleans, later to succeed to the throne when Charles X was forced to fly the country.

Duke's Will

After months of wrangling the duke made a will naming the Duke of Orleans' young son, the Duke of Aumale, as heir. And, of course, there was a clause that Sophie should benefit by several million francs on his death. Her further reward for her part in the intrigue was a royal indication that she was now welcome at Court again.

Death came to the Duke of Bourbon when he was a feeble old man of 74. An early accident had lacerated his left shoulder, a sword wound had rendered useless three fingers of his right hand; he had never fully recovered from a fractured thigh and was suffering from a hernia. In fact, he could only just walk unaided.

At 8 a.m. on August 27, 1830 in the Chateau de Saint-Leu, one of Sophie's castles, a ser-

vant knocked upon the duke's door and received no reply. They broke down the door, pulled on the inside, and there was the Duke of Bourbon hanging dead from a window catch.

His feet were just touching the ground. He was supported by two nurses which were looped into a figure of eight. They passed under his chin, behind his ears—but without pressing on the windpipe. His neck was not broken. A chair near the window was too low away for the duke to have used it as a hangman's trap.

Consequently Sophie ran up a small back stairway into the room—through a door that was unlocked. Doctors were called—"suicide" was on everyone's lips.

In the fireplace were several scraps of partially burnt paper. A freshly made will? A death note? No—they were nothing more significant than notes for a speech long since delivered.

Two Camps

At once the household, the Court, the nation and the world outside divided into two camps—those who believed in the suicide theory and those who pointed an accusing finger at Sophie Dawes, baroness de Feuchères, and her latest lover, a man identified only as Sous-Officier "X" of the Gendarmes.

The investigation dragged on, with distant relatives of the dead duke contesting the will and doing their best to bring Sophie before a judge and jury on a capital charge.

But King Louis-Philippe, recently promoted from the Duke of Orleans, realised that his tenure of the throne would become more precarious than ever if his own part in the heinous intrigue were made public in a court of law. The examining magistrates were royal supporters of the monarchy and his wishes were obeyed. The facts were suppressed.

The will was proved, the young Duke of Aumale became the main beneficiary and Sophie collected two million francs—furious that it wasn't the four million she said she had been promised.

because of the sordid money transaction. No suffragette ever spoke up more feelingly, and illogically, on behalf of her sex.

Despite her losses, Miss Christian still has a sizable jewel collection valued at about \$350,000. She also has her million-dollar alimony settlement from Mr. Power, based on a percentage of his earnings. Mr. Purdom is now making a determined effort to climb to Miss Christian's financial level.

A FREELANCE

He said: "I was under contract to M.G.M. But now we've parted—by mutual consent. I've just made my first free-lance film and earned more than I did in a year with M.G.M.—\$50,000 plus 10 percent of the profits."

Now he hopes to make a film given by another friend, Mr. Robert Schickinger. She was asked to return them to the jewellers when they discovered Schickinger could not pay. "I've returned them now. But it was all terribly unfair. If I'd been given candy instead of jewels I'd have eaten it. Then what? A girl accepts presents in dripping good faith. She shouldn't suffer

The Astonishing Career Of Sophie Dawes

... the spirit of friendship



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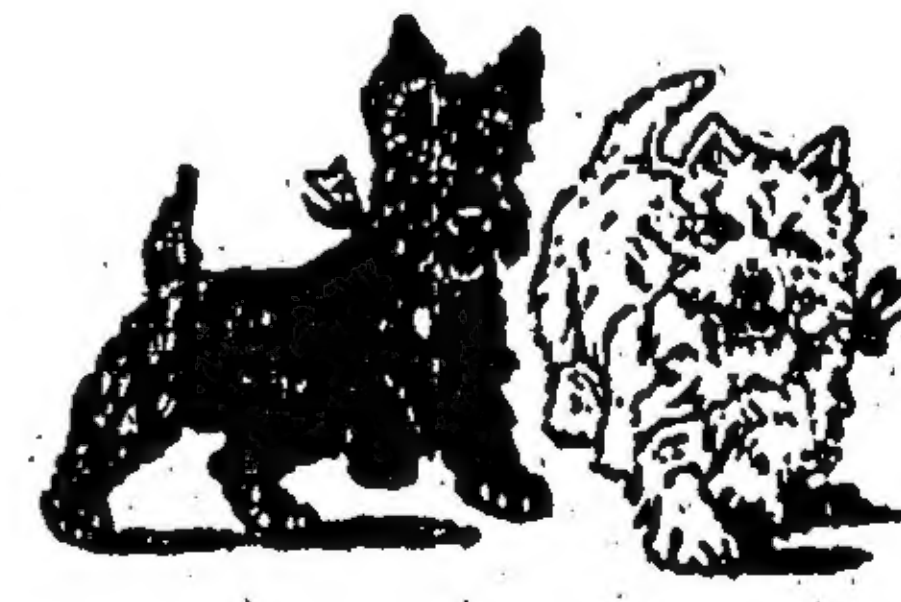
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A PLAIN MAN'S GUIDE TO

LINDA, EDMUND and TYRONE

★ MISS CHRISTIAN WISHES IT TO BE KNOWN THAT EVERYONE IS FRIENDLY

LINDA CHRISTIAN settled herself in a *chaise-longue* in the bedroom of her London hotel suite, smoothed her pale green dress, and said—

"Send for the plumber, darling. My bathroom ceiling is leaking."

"Darling," who was Mr. Edmund Purdom, got up from his chair and went to the bathroom to inspect the ceiling, saying it was probably only condensation. But he discovered that it was a leak—must be from the floor upstairs. May-be someone's trying to commit suicide."

NOT GRIEVING

There was no suggestion that Tyrone Power, ex-husband of Miss Christian, might be suddenly floating in an overflowing bath upstairs. Miss Christian had made it clear that he is not sunk in irrevocable grief over their broken marriage. She had just arrived in London with their two daughters, Romina (8) and Faryn (5), who under the terms

of the divorce spend two months of the year with their father.

"He didn't come to the airport to meet me," pouted Miss Christian. "I was told he had a bad cold. But when I took the children to him at his place in London I found there was nothing wrong with him. He was fine, just fine."

"But I don't mind. We're still very good friends. No hard feelings."

Mr. Purdom said that he was also a friend of Mr. Power's. "Why not?" they were all very adult and Noel Cowardly about the whole thing.

A hotel chambermaid came in to have a look at the leak in the bathroom ceiling and left hurriedly saying she would send someone to fix it.

A valet arrived to take a few of Miss Christian's two dozen dresses away for pressing.

Miss Christian had one or two other remarks to make about herself, Mr. Power, and Mr. Purdom which were not just about friendship.

She wanted it to be known that whatever she was (and whatever the state of her bathroom ceiling), she was not, as had been alleged, a home-wrecker.

"My husband came to me and asked for his freedom long before I'd even met Edmund."

By LOGAN GOURLAY

Last time she was in London there were rumours of a reconciliation with Mr. Power. It is now an unlikely eventuality. "He has another romantic interest." (Like many Hollywood actresses she often talks like a character in a bad movie.)

"No, not one of the Gator sisters. That was just a decoy." It was my cue to ask about the romantic interest. I took it. "Her name's Mary... Mary good faith. She shouldn't suffer

THIS IS THE DOORWAY ALL HOLLAND IS WATCHING

THE 'CONSULTING ROOM' OF JULIANA'S FAITH-HEALER GREET HOFMANS... THAT ONE-WINDOW DANCING SCHOOL NEXT DOOR TO THE BOSBOOM BAR

FLOCKS of cyclists wheel into a little street in Amsterdam. For in this street—in the "Cor de Tong Dancing School," beside the Bosboom Bar, Greet Hofmans is "consulting." These pictures OUTSIDE were taken by cameraman Walter Bellamy. Now let's go INSIDE. Below is the report of a Special China Mail Correspondent who went to "consult" Greet Hofmans.

I QUEUED up for a consultation with 61-year-old Greet Hofmans.

The consultation with the Dutch faith-healer who has been trying to cure the partial blindness of Queen Juliana's daughter, nine-year-old Princess Marijke, lasts only a few minutes.

Just off Amsterdam's busiest street, on the corner of a tree-lined avenue alongside a canal, I went into a small, clean cafe.

I ordered coffee at the counter.

A nurse came over and told me to finish my coffee and put out my cigarette before seeing Miss Hofmans.

Then I was told to leave the cafe and take the first door on the left.

I found myself in the ante-room of a small ballet school. I went through the door and joined other patients sitting on a red leather bench. At the end of the room there was a curtain hiding a small adjoining room.

THROUGH THE CURTAIN

People of all ages and types were sitting waiting—simple working people and well-dressed men and women.

My turn came. I went through the curtain and met the faith-healer.

Miss Hofmans was standing. She is a tall, angular woman with silver-grey hair. Her face is pale but strong-willed. She has large, dark, penetrating eyes.

She asked me to sit down. I told her I had not come for myself but on behalf of a friend's husband who has had a nervous breakdown.

"Does his wife want him to get better?" Miss Hofmans asked.

I said "Yes—but before I could say any more Miss Hofmans stopped. Wait."

WHAT IT'S LIKE INSIDE

She lifted her hands and began praying. The prayer lasted one minute.

Then Miss Hofmans opened her eyes and said: "We have to concentrate all our forces. Maybe the first results will be bad because we are eliminating the negative elements first. This man is hyper-sensitive. Mentally, he is in a dark corner. You come back to me on the



GREET HOFMANS

first Tuesday of next month and tell me how things are. Then we will see. I will pray."

She asked no names, took no money.

As I left I was given a slip of paper giving me an address in Amsterdam. I have to write there to get my "rotation number" for the next consultation.

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RAHMAN'S TERMS FOR BASES

From RUSSELL SPURR

Kuala Lumpur

PREMIER Prince Abdul Rahman told me that Britain would only get military bases in independent Malaya if:

(1) The remaining British forces were grouped into a Commonwealth strategic reserve forbidden to support any SEATO operation;

(2) The troops were concentrated unobtrusively in special areas as not to look like "an army of occupation";

(3) They did not at any time interfere in Malaya's internal security; and

(4) They evacuated any barracks, airfields or training grounds the Malayan Government required on payment or replacement.

The mild, cigarette-smoking Malay prince, who is leading the rubber-rich Malayan Federation to independence next year, insisted that his countrymen would take nothing less.

Britain had already agreed to all but a few small points of detail, and a mutual defence pact would be signed later this year.

Said Prince Abdul: "SEATO is a sore point with my people. There is a lot of opposition to it here. We do not want to enter into anything which attaches us to some power bloc on the threshold of independence."

Here was a man who took power a little over a year ago, who outwitted Communist terror leader Chin Peng.

✻ ✻ ✻

The bright, air-conditioned office was itself a sign of changed times. A path led down to it through tennis courts of the old British Residency.

The lovely hilltop house is now Prince Abdul's official home. The Malayan Premier was brutally frank. Malaya would never join with unruly Singapore as long as he had any say in the matter. He had enough trouble controlling the immigrant Chinese population of Malaya without bringing Singapore Chinese.

His words will be a bombshell to Singapore politicians who hope to join with the Federation.

Prince Abdul dismissed them almost contemptuously. "My Malay party holds the balance of power in Singapore," he said. "That is why Singapore leaders keep coming to seek my advice."

The Communists? "As far as I am concerned, the rebellion is over. We are getting plenty of co-operation from the public. There is a change of heart all round."

Politics? "I have more solid political backing than any other Premier in Asia. But the last thing I want to be is a dictator."

Problem? "I have none at all. I have to be careful in seeing that all people in Malaya are kept peaceful and contented. But so far that has been kind to me."

Silk-robed Prince Abdul sat back smiling. "I am a happy man. Whether things will go on this way or no, I cannot say."

✻ ✻ ✻



THE GAY PRINCE BY SEFTON DELMER

Sefton Delmer has known Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands for more than 20 years. NOW, in a three-part assessment beginning today, he explains the dilemma of Bernhard amid the new Dutch royal crisis—explains it as only a personal friend can.



PRINCE BERNHARD JOKES WITH DELMER: FROM DELMER'S PERSONAL ALBUM

SOME of Prince Bernhard's friends in Britain as well as in Holland are criticising him.

They maintain that he should not have stayed on in Stockholm to watch the Olympic horse-ship trials while the faith-healer crisis boiled and crackled around Queen Juliana's throne.

"This is a serious crisis," one of them said to me. "The prince ought to have flown right back to the palace at Soestdijk to deal with it."

Well, I certainly do not underestimate the crisis or its potential developments.

But I think the prince was right to stay on stoically in Stockholm and stick to the schedule under which he flew himself back to Holland afterwards in his royal Dakota.

After all, he was in Stockholm not just for his own pleasure but as the top technical controller of the Equestrian Games by virtue of his presidency of the International Federation of Equestrian.

Hero of the Resistance

MOREOVER the 25 years I have known him—both before and after his marriage to Holland's Juliana—have given me considerable respect for the mature judgment of this young man whom the outside world knows only as "The Gay Prince."

That cheerful American-style "Hi!" with which he greets his friends, the easy, friendly manner, and the ever-ready, rather high-pitched laugh cover a shrewd perception of human character and motives, plus a fine appreciation of the dignity of his position and its requirements.

Among all the princes of ruling houses I have met Prince Bernhard is the most modern-minded, the most genuinely democratic, and the most skilful operator in the field of human and political relations.

He has had to be in order to carry off successfully the difficult situations in which life has placed him again and again.

Think of him in these situations:

1. As a comparatively poor young prince of Lippe-Biesterfeld, marrying the heiress

of a vast estate in the Rhineland, and becoming a member of the German royal family.

to one of the world's wealthiest crowns. But in no time at all his genuineness, his love of living, and the obviously sincere reciprocity which he shows for Juliana's devotion to him roused the gossip and backbiting.

2. As a German-born prince of the Netherlands leading the Dutch in their fight against Hitler during the war. His brother and cousins served in Hitler's Wehrmacht.

Prince Bernhard himself had at one time served in Hitler's S.S. (he was a probationer in Hitler's motorised S.S.)—a fact that he never attempted to hush up or hide. It was widely reported in Holland. And yet with all these fantastic handicaps he not only wins the confidence of the Dutch in his loyalty, he becomes one of the heroes of the Dutch Resistance.

He becomes such a hero that when the royal family returns to Holland he has the greatest difficulty in restraining a demand from the Resistance that he should lead them in a military coup against the then Government.

3. As a man under a secret sentence of death from his doctors. Six or seven years to live is all that the American doctors of Washington's Walter Reed hospital allowed him when he went there for a check-up in 1952. That's the same hospital in which President Eisenhower is now being treated.

The American doctors break the news to him over a glass of whisky... when he had that particularly bad car crash in 1937 he smashed, they tell him, a vertebra. As progressive calculation of the body sets in in the late forties and early fifties of a man's life that hardening will one day close the body's healing gap in his vertebrae—and "snuff," that will be the end.

But he will not talk

BERNHARD accepts the verdict, accepts the order that he must give up his favourite sports of skiing and show jumping, and not indulge in any pastime which could cause him to fall or receive a bump on the head.

He keeps the news entirely to himself, keeps it secret from his family and the Government.

In London, two years later however, he sees a top British specialist, who relieves his mind and gives him many more years of life than the Americans. The tension, for the time, is over.

In March of 1955 Prince Bernhard on a visit to the United States is invited by President Eisenhower of the North American Aircraft Corporation in Los Angeles to take up one of their F86 jets and fly it through the sound barrier.

Bernhard is aware of the doctors' warning against sudden disturbances, and aware of the need to keep the doctors' warning to himself. He is aware of the rich good will it would bring his country and the crown if he were to be the first royal pilot to crash the round barrier. He asks only one question: "Is the aircraft pressurising completely sound?"

President Eisenhower reassures him. Up goes Bernhard with test pilot Joe Lynch in a trainer F86. Bernhard's sortie bang is heard all around America. Three days later pilot Joe crashes and is killed.

But these problems with which the "gay prince" has been faced all through his life are nothing to the anxiety which the activities of faith healer Greet Hofmans in her influence with his queen are known to have caused him.

As an old friend I have tried to discuss this tricky subject with him. But the prince has shut up like a clam every time. "I simply cannot and will not discuss it, on or off the record," he says.

From other sources, including Miss Hofmans herself, I have been able to learn details which make the prince's anxieties and the concern of the Cabinet and the Churches in Holland only too understandable.

It is a strangely conflicting picture that is revealed. I cannot imagine a happier or more devoted family than that which I found at Soestdijk when I was invited there only

a few weeks ago. The queen was fuelling in the most motherly fashion over Prince Bernhard, who, she insisted had a touch of flu.

She was indignant that he would neither have his temperature taken nor go to bed. I could see no sign of strain between the queen and her elder daughters, but according to what I have heard from people who are in touch, they are said to be taking their father's side most strongly against the faith healer's circle.

Not a shadow of trouble

WE all—the queen, the two elder daughters, and an A.D.C.—played some American records recently sent over to Prince Bernhard. Everybody joined in the jokes and the laughter as though there was not the slightest shadow of trouble. Yet But don't for this reason believe these reports about an impending divorce.

Maybe the truth is that the queen is torn between her strong and powerful devotion to her husband and life of depression and resentment over the tragic fate of her little daughter Marijke.

These moods, from what I hear, have been occurring more and more frequently of late, possibly as a result of the new

pains which Princess Marijke is feeling in her blind left eye.

When these moods have hold of the queen she is apt to turn her bitterness against the prince, his relatives and his friends.

For she has been accepting the explanation but forward by Miss Hofmans and those supporting the faith healer at Court.

This is Miss Hofmans' failure, to make good her promise and give full sight to the little princess's eyes to the lack of faith in Miss Hofmans on the part of the "frivolous" prince and his "frivolous friends." In particular the prince's frivolous mother.

My information—and the prince refuses to confirm, deny, or even discuss it—is that the prince on his side bitterly resents the unjust accusations constantly being made against him and his friends. They are accusations which he has been able to prove in all cases to be completely false and baseless.

Divorce? Don't believe it

MORE than anything he is, I understand, deeply grieved over the attacks on his mother. Princes Armgard who not long ago was received into the Roman Catholic Church. For almost a year now the prince's mother has not visited her family at Soestdijk.

Presumably it is this resentment over the "exiling" of his mother that has made the prince take the dramatic step of refusing to celebrate his birthday this year at the palace of Soestdijk.

Normally three to four hundred guests attend the prince's birthday garden party at Soestdijk on June 29. No invitations at all were sent out this time. Instead there was a small party for the prince at his mother's house at Warmelst attended only by the princesses and the prince's closest personal friends. According to my information Queen Juliana refused to attend. But don't for this reason believe these reports about an impending divorce.

The royal family is the cornerstone of family life in deeply religious Holland. A divorce would be a body blow at the whole nation. It is unthinkable.

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Monday:
IS THE PRINCE
SO 'FRIVOLOUS'?

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis



THE BIG WEB Nears its climax

I pull the dragon's tail
... result! I know
who the killer is!

By PERCY HOSKINS and LEONARD MOSLEY

Determined to trap the KILLER who struck down Johannsen, the shy

Swedish delegate to the INTERPOL conference now going on in Vienna, JOE PACKSON takes a Danube steamer to the estate of Herr von Grotewahl on the borders of the Iron Curtain. It's FACT and FICTION... both. And what has happened to Austrian C.I.D. girl Frauloin Annaliese. A postcard from her to Packson says, "I am in trouble..."

CHAPTER 7
It's FACT...
and FICTION

I TRIED to wrench my arm free from the closing teeth of the police dog, but it was too use.

He held on tight, and each time I struggled he growled and looked as if he was going to go to my throat instead. I knew enough from the way our own dogs behave while guarding airfields that he would not really savage me.

Not that, as if he had been properly trained. And only if I kept still and did not try to escape.

So I gave up struggling and lay there, with the huge dog standing guard over me, and the man with the gun looking down at me and grinning maliciously at my predicament.

After a few moments he said a few words in a heavy-dialect German and the dog moved back, jerking but his accent was so thick that all I could understand was that he wished me to stand up.

Once on my feet he prodded me with the barrel of the gun and indicated that I was to go ahead of him. In my uncertain German I said carefully: "I wish to be taken to the big house. I have come from Vienna to talk to Herr von Grotewahl."

He did not bother to reply, but kept prodding me forward

with the gun. The dog, growling and sniffing at my trousers, the saliva from his teeth dripping on my shoes gave every sign of attacking again should I make a wrong move.

After we had been tramping through the undergrowth for about 10 minutes my captor stopped, lifted his gun into the air, and fired twice. We waited. After a long pause, there was an answering shot and we went forward again.

And then, suddenly, came anti-climax.

★ ★ ★

THE trees thinned. I heard the sound of music and talk and laughter. We came suddenly into the open and there, in front of me, was a gaily coloured swimming-pool surrounded by chairs and tables and sunbathing couches.

A slim, pretty girl was doing an expert jack-knife from the diving platform. About half a dozen young people were swimming in the blue pool or sipping drinks at its edge.

Looking towards me, I suddenly saw von Grotewahl. I drew my breath in, for he could not have been better dressed for my purpose. He was wearing bathing shorts. On his right arm was tattooed in eagle and on his left a swastika. All he had to do now was turn around, and I would know once and for all whether he had a stab-scar on his left shoulder blade the last identification I needed to prove that he was not the respectable kidnapper he claimed to be, but a murderer, a kidnapper, and a war criminal.

Von Grotewahl began walking towards us, looked questioningly at my guard, and then listened to what he had to say.

After a few moments he waved the man away curtly

—and guard and dog disappeared. The man looking puzzled the dog slouched in disappointment.

"I am sorry you have had this experience," Mr. Packson, von Grotewahl said, "but my gamekeepers have strict instructions to deal sternly with intruders. We are very close to the frontier here, and one never knows what trouble-makers may be around."

"Still you are none the less welcome, despite your orthodox method of visiting me. Come and have a drink and tell me what I can do for you."

I couldn't help admiring his coolness. If he was the man I was seeking he was a past-master of self-control. I looked down at his right hand. He was not wearing gloves this time, only a single finger glove over the dummy little finger. He caught my glance and smiled.

"I notice that whenever we meet you always appear to be interested in my hand, Mr. Packson," he said. "You have guessed, of course, that my little finger is missing and that I wear a dummy one. Forgive this little vanity, my dear sir, I lost it in an—er—unfortunate encounter in a Russian prison camp during the war."

He gestured to the tattoo marks on his arms. "Like these, it is one of the more un-

fortunate souvenirs of war. You see, the Russians considered Austrians and Germans as all the same—and when we were captured we got the same treatment, plus these tattooed identification marks."

Von Grotewahl looked at me with a mocking glint in his eye and went on—

"Of course, I could have them removed. But after the Russians had tattooed me with these marks of—shame, shall we say?—one of my fellow Austrians gave me something which was a badge of honour, and they now help to make an effective contrast."

★ ★ ★

SUDDENLY, with almost a dramatic gesture, he swung round and turned his back to me.

"Look," he said.

And then disappointment hit me like a blow on the chin. For running from his shoulder right across his back was a beautifully tattooed picture in colour of a red and golden dragon. But though I got as close as I could, I could see no sign of the stab wound about which the Stockholm police had talked.

"It is quite a work of art, is it not, Mr. Packson?" von Grotewahl said, the mocking light even brighter in his eye.

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE

No. 7



ANNALIESE'S MESSAGE ON AN AUSTRIAN TEN-SCHILLING NOTE

to do. I still suspected von Grotewahl, and I think he knew it, and knew too that none of the ends in my case was tied up, and I could do nothing about him.

And all the time I kept wondering. Have I made a mistake? Am I on the wrong trail?

It so why am I wasting time here, when Annaliese is in danger.

So I made small talk with the guests. I swam. I wandered across the estate with von Grotewahl and he pointed to the twin rows of barbed wire in a field about half a mile from the pool.

"There the frontier begins," he said. "That, my friend, is the Iron Curtain. On the other side of that wire is a different world." Evening slowly came on, and I knew that I would soon have to go. I went into the bath-house, hung up my shorts and got back into my clothes. Then, after von Grotewahl had arranged with a guest to drive me back to Vienna, I walked up the drive towards the house.

★ ★ ★

IT was then that it happened. Von Grotewahl was shaking hands with his guests and had turned away. For a few moments I was isolated from the others. And floating down, to the bushes a few feet away, came a piece of paper. I looked around carefully, and then went over and picked it up, and put it in my pocket.

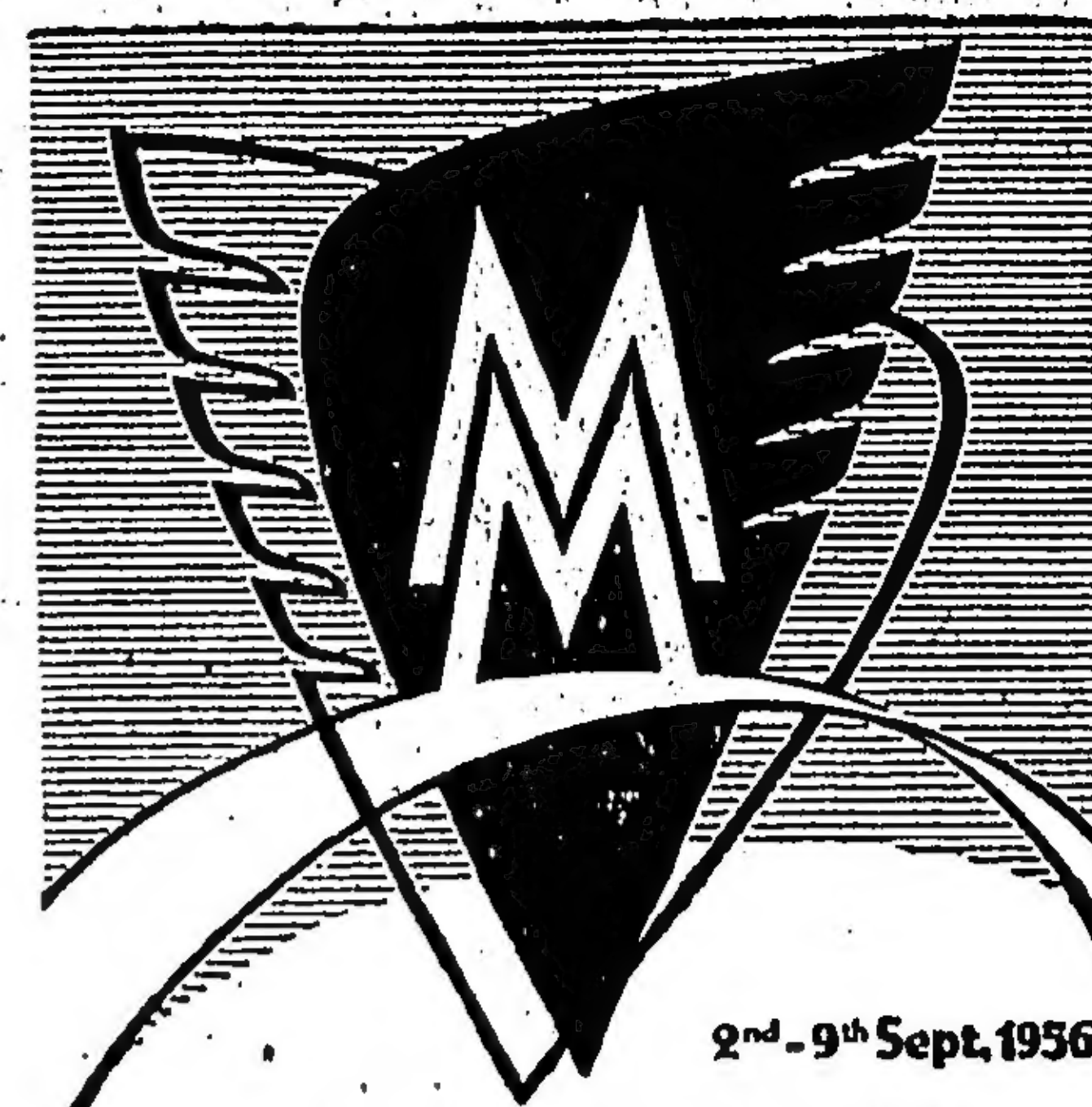
I shook hands with von Grotewahl and thanked him. I climbed into the car with the young man and girl who were driving me back; and as we went up the long drive I pulled out the piece of paper.

It was an Austrian ten-schilling note, and in the white space at the side was a message. "I am in the house," it said. The signature was "Annaliese."

I waited until we had passed the first village, and then I asked the driver to stop at the first hostellerie, making the excuse that I would like to spend a night and another day along the river. Then, when they had gone on, obviously thinking that the English were crazy, I started back for von Grotewahl's estate.

And this time I was determined that neither police dog nor guard was going to stop me from getting in.

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GEORGE WHITING ends his series: INCREDIBLE CUP FINALS

WHEN BLACKPOOL WON IN
A NERVE-SHOT FINISH

WEMBLEY Stadium on Cup Final Day is no place for the nervous, or for players afflicted with the willies. No footballer is ever quite normal, of course, in the highly charged air of that verdant arena—but time and time again it has been proved that the most potent factor in a Cup Final is experience.

As all the world knows, all-in Stan Matthews won the Cup 4-3 for Blackpool in a nerve-shot finish against Bolton Wanderers in 1953. Afterwards, the master stated with genuine modesty that "I never felt worse in all my life than when we were approaching that Final. I might have been a teenager, but perhaps the older you get the more nervous you are."

Maybe, Mr. Matthews, maybe. Nevertheless, and at the risk of lese majeste, I stick to my opinion that Blackpool won an unforgettable game because their "old-timers" kept their heads when all around were wobbling.

It was no coincidence, surely, that their four main

spark-plugs, Matthews, Stan Mortensen, Harry Johnston, and Eddie Shimwell, were all making their third appearance in a Wembley Final. For goalkeeper George Farm, left-back Tom Garrett, inside-left Jack Mudie, and outside-left Bill Perry it was second-time-up in a Final. And Ernie Taylor, having helped Newcastle to beat Blackpool two years earlier, was now parading at inside-right for his erstwhile "victims."

Collywobbles

All of which means that only two of the 1953 Blackpool team were unacquainted with Wembley. Not all the veterans were free from collywobbles—goalkeeper Farm least of all—but their experience pulled them through when novices would assuredly have wilted.

What a story-book Final! And what a build-up! How we wished that winners' medal on to Matthews. How our memories rustled when manager Joe Smith trotted out ahead of all Blackpool

out ahead of all Blackpool

or-go-under Joe Smith who had captained Bolton in that first Wembley Final 30 years earlier.

All we needed was goals, and, by golly, we got them. Seven... for the first time in a Cup Final.

Goal No. 1.—With the game less than two minutes old, Holden, on Bolton's right wing, lobbed the ball to centre-forward Nat LOFTHOUSE—whose hit-and-hope shot from the right-hand corner of the penalty area bounced on the thick Wembley grass and past the outflung arm of Farm. Ninety seconds had elapsed, said the mathematically minded—giving us the second quickest Cup Final goal of all time.

Goal No. 2.—Centre-forward MORTENSEN broke through the Bolton halves to shoot at the right-hand corner of the net, and to see Harold HESALL, racing back on urgent defence work from inside-left, deflect the ball into the opposite corner. All square.

Goal No. 3.—Bobby Langton, Bolton's listed left-winger, is in the inside-right berth as he appears to lift a curling, deceptive lob past Farm. Later, we learn that Bolton's captain, Billy MOIR, has had a hand, or rather a head, in this electric business.

"The ball flicked one of my

So it is Bolton 2, Blackpool 1

applying home-spun psychology to the despondent Farm in the dressing-room.

"I'm letting the side down," wailed Farm.

"Let down nothing," replied Smith. "Get back there and do your best. We'll beat 'em yet."

Goal No. 4.—Bolton's left-half, Eric BELL, rose from the half-dead to hit this one. Injured early on, Bell had been hobbling about on the left flank when, after ten minutes of the second half, he rose in the goalmouth on crippled legs to head home a made-to-measure pass from outside-right Holden.

A Deficit

Goal No. 5.—Blackpool, at long last, seemed to be edging into the picture—as well they need be, with only 22 minutes left and a two-goal deficit to wipe out. Ernie Taylor slipped the ball for the hundredth time to partner Matthews, who dropped it high and accurately to within inches of the cross-bar. Goalkeeper Stan HENSON muffed it and the ever alert MORTENSEN squeezed it in with his left foot.

Goal No. 6.—Four minutes to go. A Bolton player—grieving to this day—fringed football law by an unorthodox barging of Jackie Mudie on the edge of the penalty area. MORTENSEN takes the free-kick, hits the ball through a forest of Bolton legs at half-time with Joe Smith on a hundred-to-one chance.

and becomes the first player to score a hat-trick in a Wembley Final. Blackpool are level.

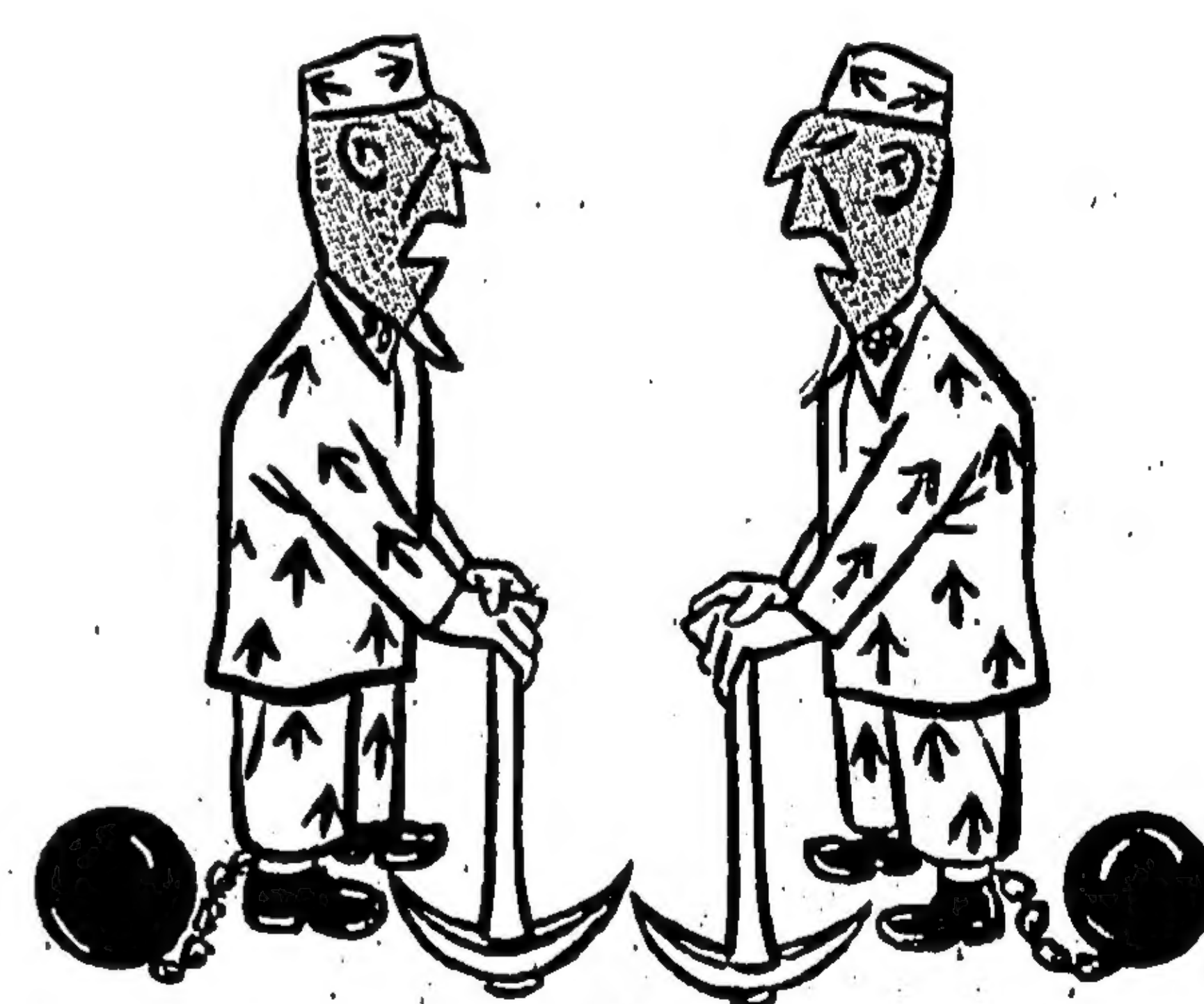
Goal No. 7.—The "overtime" goal. The epic thrust by Matthews that won the Matthews Final—with the normal 90-minutes' span run out, and but a few half-and-high-water seconds remaining of the 2½ minutes added for stoppages.

Taylor to Matthews again, and off went the tangerine wizard... cutting inside full-back Bob Banks... selling a dummy to centre-half Malcolm Barras. One yard to go for the time... an immaculate, machine-turned pass... and there was home the almost unbelievable winner, inches inside the post.

"I had a bit of luck," said the beaming Matthews when at last the tumult died down. "After getting the ball down, I slipped just as I was sending it over to the left. Fortunately, it did not affect the flight of the ball. Thank goodness, Bill Perry was there, waiting for it."

What a competition we created for "our" Stan Matthews followed his captain, Harry Johnston, to collect the Cup medal so eagerly sought, so ardently fought for. In the autumn of his football days.

So ended the Matthews Final. But I wonder how many of the 100,000 present noticed Harold HESALL, inside-left of defeated Bolton, take a quiet stroll away from the cheering and the cheering, to congratulate referee Griffiths. Nice touch that. (COPYRIGHT)

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THE ATOM WIVES DON'T LIVE IN 1984

At Harwell, Britain's first atom town, the atmosphere is more like Mrs Dale's Diary

By Kenneth Allsop

IN the prefab with an absolutely uninterrupted view of a couple of atomic piles, the Harwell scientist's young wife was telling me about the life that circulates around Britain's first atom town. It sounded much more like Mrs Dale's Diary than Nineteen Eighty-Four.

"People seem to think we live behind bars," I was told, and have to get passes to go out shopping," she said. "I wish it could be understood that we're just ordinary wives with children, living the same sort of life we would anywhere else. And I'd much rather my husband was working here than, say, down a coal-mine. You can be sure everything's safe here, you see."

The Establishment itself is a compact grouping of stark Ministerial architecture—brick cubes and angular buildings looking like a Slough factory estate—enclosed by cherry orchards and the ridges of the Berkshire Downs.

Around it snakes three miles of eight-foot chain-wire fence. On the site itself are 200 prefabs—but most of the thousands of Harwell families live well outside the fence, in neighbouring villages and in the little towns of Abingdon, Didcot and Wantage.

The policy

And deliberately so—for the policy of the Atomic Energy Authority is to segregate its staff so that they do not feel like a rare breed of Red Indian preserved within a reservation.

Said Miss M. A. Jordan, welfare officer at Harwell since it was opened in 1945: "We are not a race apart hemmed around by censorship. Everyone is encouraged to mix in with the locals."

So small housing estates have been scattered about the area. In Didcot I called on Mrs. Norman Jackson, wife of a £1,000-a-year chemist. Her husband came to Harwell six years ago from Chalk River Plant, the Canadian atomic station. On the wall hung a deer's head trophy of Mr. Jackson's hunting forays in the Ontario forests.

"We enjoy life here tremendously," said Mrs. Jackson, a blonde energetic mother of three children. "I'm secretary of the Didcot Townswomen's Guild, and we go swimming and picnicking through the summer. There's never a shortage of things to do."

In the early days there was a bit of resentment locally about the Harwell people. It was thought we were making atom bombs and if anything went wrong with the weather or the wireless set, it was all blamed on the atom. But now everyone seems to have settled down together."

Did she, I asked, worry about her husband? "Never," she replied. "During the war when he was working on a gas container burst in his face. Compared with that

sort of risk Harwell seems completely safe."

Mrs. Douglas Allan, whose husband is a physicist in the nuclear physics division, took a similarly practical view. "The only thing that bothers me is that he travels every day along the Newbury road, which has a terrible accident record," she said. "As for Harwell, I think we're probably living in the safest spot in Britain. If there was any fall-out of this 11-bomb dust, that's just been reported, it would be immediately detected here."

The Allans live in a pleasant semi-detached £1,500-a-year standard close of houses in Abingdon. "When we were living up on the site in 1946 we were a very enclosed community and had little contact with the local people. And husbands talked shop all the time! Now we feel to be very much part of Abingdon."

Three children

In her spare time from looking after her three children, Mrs. Allan designs and paints scenery for productions at Abingdon's Unicorn Theatre.

Does security impinge upon the atom wives' lives? Said Mrs. Allan, "I suppose if we decided to take a holiday in Russia we might run into difficulties, but personally I've never been asked a question by a security man."

Mrs. William Hardwick, a Canadian who met her Oxford graduate husband when they were both working at the Chalk River Plant, once had a visit from a security man who briefly "sniffed around" her Chilton prefabs.

"Apart from that and the police cars that patrol the area at night, there's very little official secrets atmosphere to notice," she said.

The Hardwicks are now building their own contemporary-style house among the thatched roofs of nearby Upton, which implies a settled long-term attitude towards a career at Harwell. When I asked Mrs. Hardwick how she felt about her husband's duties, she said: "If you mean do I think he is being radio-activated down to his fingernails, I don't. You see, I've worked in atomic research myself, and I have complete faith in the precautions taken. But," she added, "I do have a twinge when I hear the sirens

sounding for an emergency practice. Welfare and social activities are elaborately organised at Harwell. There are 35 different clubs, rugby and old-time dancing, musical groups and singing societies. The social club has a bar, a chapel and a cinema. There are racial and child welfare clinics, nursery and primary schools, shops and delivery services from the local towns. All has been done to provide the resources for a complete life.

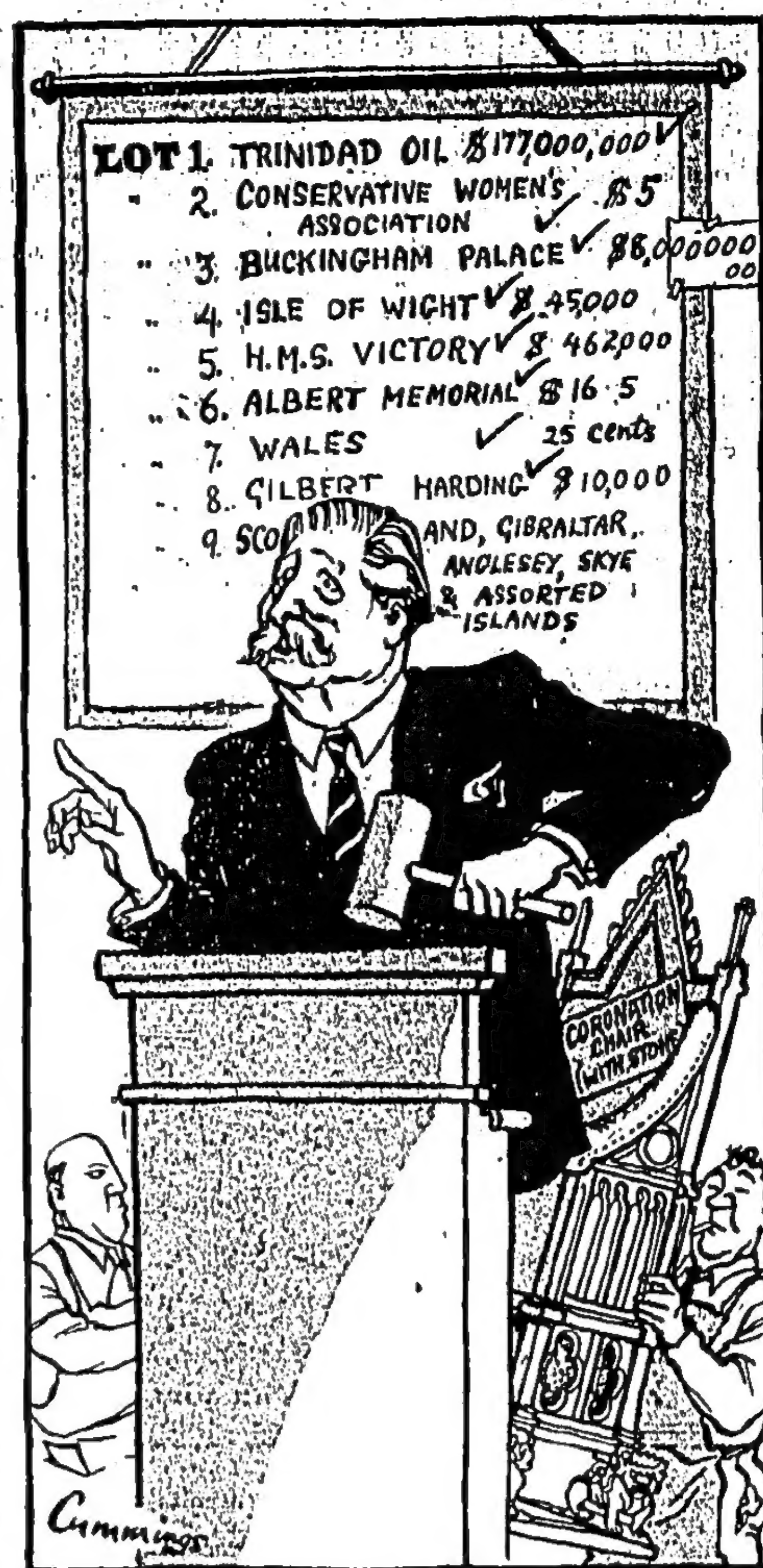
An inspector

So there are all-round Harwell families like the Evenings, Edward an inspector of police, his wife Miriam a receptionist at the hotel, and 16-year-old daughter Barbara a clerk in the extra-mural research department.

And, last of all, I talked with 21-year-old Nathalie who married 27-year-old Frederick Clarke a month ago. They met when she came to Harwell to work as a scientific assistant. Now they are waiting for a house to be allocated to them and to make for themselves a new life together under the skyline of the atomic piles.

"You see," said Mrs. Clarke, "apart from the fact that there are probably more facilities here for an active social life than in most towns, there is also the feeling that everyone shares—of taking part in building something new, exciting and very important, of being in right at the beginning of the atomic age."

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"GOING --- GONE! TO THE GENTLEMAN IN THE STETSON HAT AND THE CADILLAC!"

LIFE WITH ALLEN PLENTY IN THE NEWS

By GERALD ALLEN

"HAVE you lit the boiler?" Molly asked sharply. "Yes, dear," I answered mildly. It was quite obvious from the tone of her voice that Molly was in one of her moods. "What with?" came the next question.

"Paper, wood, a little coal, and when we'll light, after ignition by means of a match, I sprinkled liberally some Welsh nuts."

"You've burnt my new frock."

"No, dear—just paper, wood, a little."

"You've burnt the magazine with my pattern in it—its all-purpose frock for two-and-ninety. I save my fingers to the bone making my own clothes, and what do you do? You deliberately destroy everything you can lay hands on."

When Molly gets as fretful as that, I usually try to jolly her up. Sometimes it works. It didn't take long for me to realise that this wasn't one of my lucky days. The more jolly I was, the more unreasonable she became. "If you haven't burnt it, you must have thrown it away."

"No, dear."

"Don't just say 'no, dear'—look in the shed."

I LOOKED in the shed. The blunt end of the garden rake chose the same moment to look out of it. It seemed to have been waiting just behind the door for me. The little incident would have been funny if it had happened to someone else. It was a pity Molly wasn't watching; it would have brightened her up.

All our old papers are kept in a sack, which I dragged into the kitchen.

"It's always the same when you've lost something," said

Molly bitterly. "The whole place has to be turned upside down."

I was too busy to react to this unfair attack, and was accused of being sulky, after which my loved one left me to my mental task.

Now it's a strange fact that when I open my daily paper it never seems to contain anything worth reading; but almost any old newspaper, whether a week or fifty years old, seems packed with pithy items. This first headline I noticed first, FIND-MS-A-BLIDE MAN ATTACKED BY BUZZARD.

Unfortunately, the story was too grease-stained to be legible, but it whetted my appetite for the horoscope column, which told me to beware of speculation, to hasten slowly, not to put all my eggs into one basket, to grasp the nettle firmly, to remember that opportunity only knocks once, and that it was a good week for a mild flutter.

SLIGHTLY confused, I then discovered that my lucky stone was a bloodstone, a piece of information which seemed oddly appropriate. If I remember, ESCAPED CONVICT SAVES CONSTABLE'S AUNT roused my interest to fever pitch, somewhat cooled when I read that the convict had escaped and been recaptured ten years ago. He had recently been engaged on repair work in the governor's quarters when a large oil painting, sometimes wrongly attributed to Constable, had fallen on his head.

The picture, believed to be of the artist's aunt, looked like somebody's uncle, judging by the press photo—might have been severely damaged if the convict hadn't had the good fortune to be underneath it when it fell. Although still in a critical condition, the man had told "our special reporter" that he was deeply moved by a letter of thanks he had had from the "Friends of Arts and Crafts Association."

There had been so many crises in the last fortnight, and the end of the world having been prophesied for last Tuesday by a rather long-haired sort of scientific society, it seemed amazing we'd weathered the storm.

My attention was then attracted by a criticism of a film Molly and I saw recently. I hadn't thought much of the picture, but apparently there had been some delightful touches that I'd overlooked. The article strongly hinted that only the critic himself and the film's director could be expected to notice the finer points, so I didn't take the matter too much to heart.

Also, it occurred to me that the critic probably saw the film straight through, instead of having to pick up the threads of the plot owing to arriving in the middle of it, after twenty minutes queuing in the rain.

PASSING over a picture entitled CHORUS GIRL COUNTERS TO WED OCTOBERIAN with a brief surmise as to who was getting the best bargain, I concentrated on a rather puzzling article by a footballer I'd never heard of, recently transferred for a king's ransom, in which he complained that his career was being ruined by his rivals' jealousy.

Apparently missing a broken heart, he was shown laughing happily with his team-mates. Anyway, I was pleased to read that his wife liked the new house supplied by his club!

A rather snappy picture with the caption REDDITCH GIRL FOR MISS BRITAIN intrigued me, and I was soon deep in the tale of the joys and heartaches of the best-looking girl in a purling factory, when the spell was broken by Molly's asking what I was doing.

"Looking for your pattern, dear," I said, hastily shuffling a few papers.

"It was in my work-basket all the time," she said. "Can't think why you didn't see it there."

Regrettably, I pushed the papers back into the sack, and put the sack back in the shed. But I'm ever short of a good book, I know just where to find something interesting to read.

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By Frank Robbins

The Spy At Cliveden.... And The Distinguished Guests Who Talked Too Much

By ROBERT J. EDWARDS

THE Astor family is under fire. It is accused of having entertained a German spy for the week-end in June 1939. And of introducing him to the Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, in such a way that they gave their secrets freely to him.

These charges are being hurled about following the Foreign Office's publication of Adam von Trotz zu Solz's confidential report to the Fuehrer on his visit to Cliveden at the invitation of David Astor, now editor of the family's paper, the Observer.

The top brass of British politics were also at Cliveden. Believing that as a friend of the Astors he could be trusted, they revealed to von Trotz their innermost feelings on the crisis in Europe. These were despatched immediately to von Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister, and stamped "Submitted to the Fuehrer."

Not enough

All this is not enough to convince the friends of von Trotz that he was a secret agent for the Nazis. A considerable defence is being put up for the theory that he was not spying in England for the Germans. He was spying in England for the English.

Complains Mr. Astor: "His report, addressed to the German Foreign Office, has been treated as if it correctly represented von Trotz's opinions and the purpose of his visit."

Why was the British Foreign Office hostile towards Trotz? Possibly, says Astor, because his fellow Oxford undergraduates disliked his loyalty to Germany

and his refusal to emigrate, and influential official opinion against him.

Mrs. Christabel Bielenberg, who with her husband knew von Trotz in Berlin, says: "The whole picture would be distorted should it be thought that von Trotz was a Nazi at the time, or that his mission was Nazi-sponsored."

No one, she added, should believe that the von Trotz report need necessarily be an accurate account of what he heard. He came to England at the suggestion of the German resistance.

Lady Cripps, wife of the late Sir Stafford, and yet another of von Trotz's friends, has also defended him. And so has Mr. Richard Lowenthal, Mr. Lowenthal is diplomatic correspondent of the Observer.

Valuable well

But von Trotz zu Solz was a spy nevertheless.

Why else did he come to England? His report to the Fuehrer was headed "Foot-Finding Visit to Britain (June 19, 1939)." But his fellow guests thought he was at Cliveden simply as a friend of David Astor.

They were, of course, deceived. Here, as told to Hitler, was how von Trotz won Chamberlain's confidence after his introduction from the Astors.

"I emphasised that I was in England in an absolutely private capacity."

Lord Lothian, who became British Ambassador to Washington, chattered with appalling abandon after pledging von Trotz not to reveal his thoughts to anyone.

After saying "In spite of Lothian's request for secrecy, the idea he communicated to me must naturally be included in this report as being of political

importance," von Trotz zu Solz particularly warned the Fuehrer against losing this valuable well of information.

"I urgently request that Lothian's name should not be allowed to reach the public in this connection," he wrote, "because, in that event, he would make no more confidential statements to me."

Strong influence

What was Lord Lothian's confidential statement? That British public opinion would be appeased if Hitler withdrew from Bohemia and Moravia. Then the Fuehrer "could draw under his spell the feeling of all Europe," and "paralyse his enemies."

Why was it important? Because, Trotz told Hitler: "In the circle of Astor, Halifax, Chamberlain, etc., Lothian exercises very strong influence—since he is undoubtedly the cleverest and most supple politician among them...and has an instinctively correct appreciation of the greatness of our Fuehrer."

The news that, in the privacy of Cliveden, there were statements sympathetic to Germany must have been encouraging to Hitler. It may have convinced him that he could go ahead with the invasion of Poland without fear of British intervention.

And no doubt the Fuehrer was happy to hear from Chamberlain, via von Trotz, that the small group of Conservatives who were rebelling against him—Eden, Churchill, Duff Cooper—could be completely ignored.

Reporting statements that immediate concessions should be made to Germany, the indignant von Trotz zu Solz said, with masterly understatement: "It is at any rate interesting that

such positive views are to be found in the immediate entourage of the Prime Minister."

Von Trotz recorded propaganda successes on top of his other achievements. For three hours he expounded his case for Germany so effectively, he claimed, that he "caused consternation" among the Astors' guests.

He complained bitterly about "the feverish excitement psychosis in Britain" and advised the politicians present that the way for peace was for Britain to have fewer arms.

He had, so he said, a private talk with Lord Dufferin, now the Earl of Home, who was MP for South Lanark.

"He promised to influence Oliver Stanley, the President of the Board of Trade...with the result that, on the day after the speeches by Halifax and Chamberlain, Stanley also spoke in Parliament in favour of a more practically accommodating attitude towards Germany."

Secret report

I have read Stanley's speech. It was certainly along the lines claimed.

Von Trotz's secret report to Hitler was 8,000 words long. Every one of those words confirms the present Foreign Office belief that he was a spy.

The Astors would not have entertained him if they had known that, when the other guests were asleep, he was at work in his Cliveden bedroom sending off their confidences to Berchtesgaden.

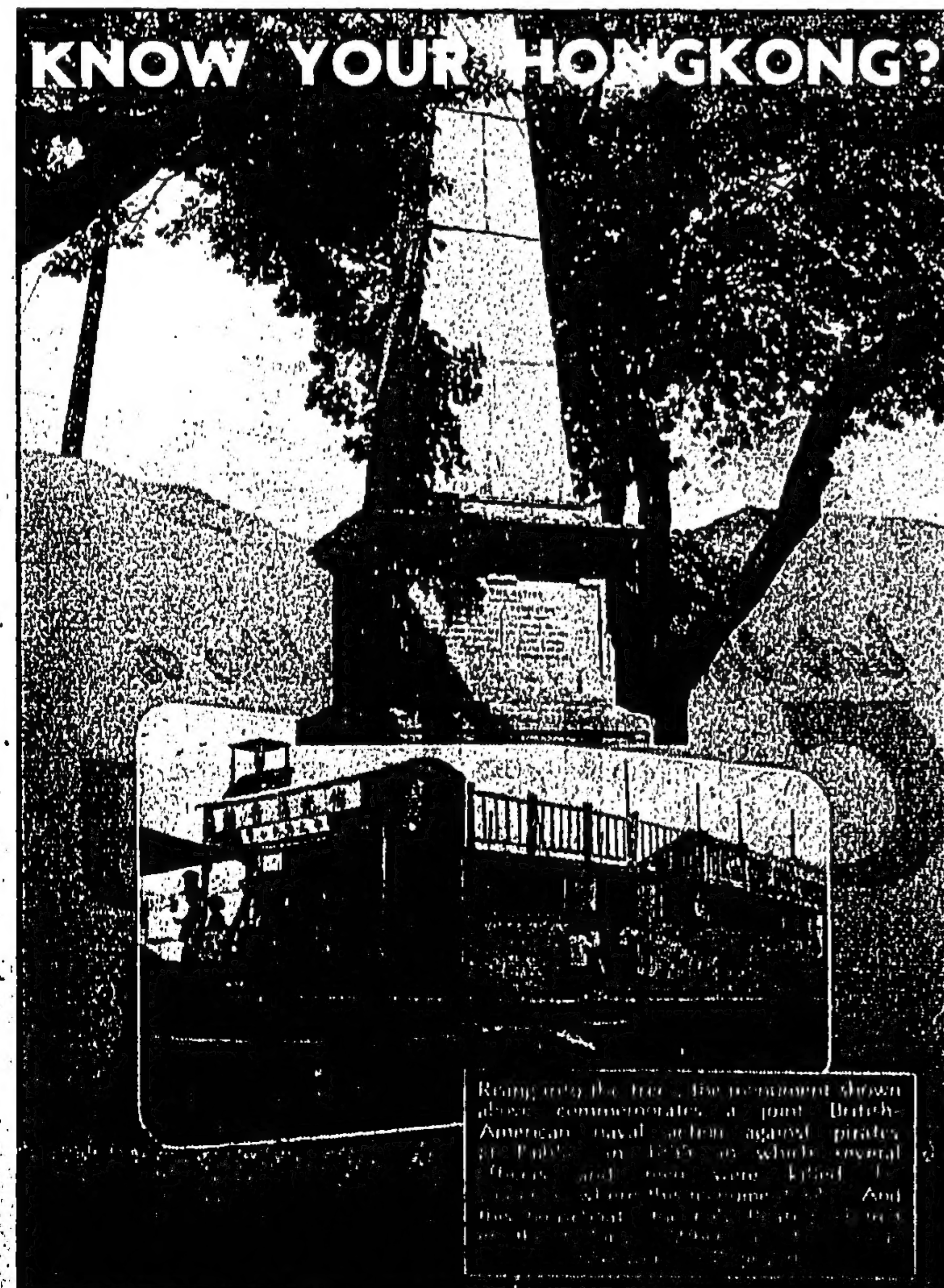
And David Astor, of course, would not have invited him.

Should he be blamed for this unhappy incident? I think not. The responsibility must rest upon the distinguished Cliveden guests for failing to show the elementary caution that a nation has the right to expect of its leaders.

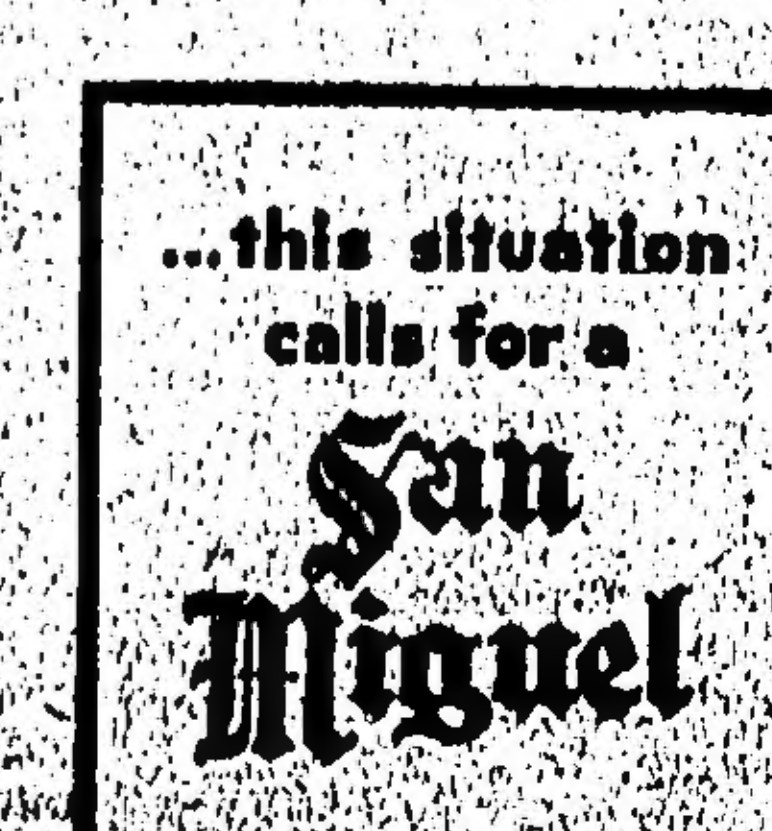
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POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

tells of the most wonderful trip of her life

I've actually been in a real Russian home

—AND IT WAS JUST LIKE AN ENGLISH COUNTRY WEEK-END

I CAN'T accustom my eyes to the splendour of England after Russia. I can't get used to the beautiful women who throng the streets in their sumptuous clothes, and I am dazzled by the fine food you can order in every little

restaurant. And the men here—so polite, well-dressed and handsome, with their sunny smiles, shaved faces, ties, braces, and sock suspenders.

I CAN'T shake off the mullish look that has settled on my features. Smiles and politeness are not the right weapons

in Moscow. I have learned the technique of sitting and sitting and staring and staring. The man at Intourist tells you over and over again that you can't take a plane to Leningrad without giving a day's notice. You tell him over and over again that you want to go that afternoon.

He pretends not to understand. You pretend not to understand. The one with the most staying power wins. (Me.) I CAN'T forget the stirring things I have seen on the most wonderful trip of my life.

THE CHURCH—such sadness

I WENT to a service at the monastery of Zagorsk, 50 miles from Moscow, with priests in gold robes, choir chanting, incense, and all the gorgeous ritual of the Greek Church. My heart turned over at the utter sadness in the faces of the peasants who filled the church, a race of agonised, hopeless dwarfs who look neither better nor worse than the serfs of 200 years ago.

I FLEW to Leningrad (built by Peter the Great), one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, the old streets and Baroque

palaces built on a sparkling chain of rivers and canals. And I saw its famous museum, the Hermitage, with a collection of pictures which must rival the Louvre. There are priceless paintings of every school, from two Leonardos to a large gallery of Gauguins.

But how does Miss Dawson set about designing the dresses for a period film? Her work starts in the libraries, where she looks up art books with portraits of the time, and old periodicals. "Every age has its own mood and colours," says Miss Dawson, explaining her choice of mauve for a costume for Hildegard Neff to wear as Trilby.

Then follows a visit to the Museum of Costume at Bridge Court in Sussex, and discussions with the set designer and director.

Local research is also on Miss Dawson's programme. Last year she went on location to Tripoli for the Anthony Steel film Black Tent. And in the tents of the Bedouin women Miss Dawson learned what was worn beneath the enveloping black robes—layers of cloth of gold and pink, green and blue. "And at festive times, like a wedding, when they take the bride to look at the stars five nights in succession, they henna their hands and wear all their jewellery—rings on every finger and earrings all the way along their ears."

"I try to see the picture as a whole. I see the principals against their surroundings and among the other characters. Then comes the moment of depression. Miserably, I get down to drawing."

At night, Miss Dawson sketches to the music of Spanish flamenco on the gramophone and the two cists. She consults with the dressmakers and searches for materials in stores and junk shops. Sometimes Miss Dawson takes a walk down the Portobello Road—where she bought an old lace-covered dress for £2. The lace would have cost more than that a yard to buy; it was used as a trimming for Joan Simmons' dress in Footsteps in the Fog.

REDEEMED

Soon Miss Dawson will be driving to the studios by 7.30 in the morning to attend the fittings for the Sleeping Prince. Apart from dressing Marilyn Monroe and Dame Sybil Thorndike, Miss Dawson is supervising together with Roger Furse, the film's artistic director, the hiring of some 100 or 200 costumes for the crowd.

Understandably, Miss Dawson says, this is the biggest headache of the lot. In its wake it must bring some more moments of depression. But they will be redeemed by the arrival of Miss Monroe.

For when Marilyn does the Monroe Walk in the Dawson dress, compensation will be complete. When completely redeemed, London Express service.

MISS BEATRICE DAWSON, Lincoln-born film fashion designer, has come home to her Belgrave flat from Hollywood with a portfolio marked top secret. In it are the dress designs Miss Dawson has made for Marilyn Monroe.

Miss Monroe will wear the dresses when she undertakes the formidable task of playing opposite Sir Laurence Olivier in the film of Terence Rattigan's play, The Sleeping Prince, which is to be made in Britain this summer.

Miss Dawson won't reveal many of the details of the dresses. But she will say that one is in white chiffon. And all are in the style of 1911. She admits that Miss Monroe liked the dresses.

DELICATE

But not Miss Dawson's hat. "Marilyn's face was much more delicate than I imagined," she says. "So I had to re-design it."

As she turned over her rolls of sketches for films like Black Knight, Svengali, Trottie True, Pandora and the Flying Dutchman, State Secret, The Pickwick Papers—for this last she received an Oscar nomination—Miss Dawson explained some of the rules of costume design for films.

"Never anything fussy—too many details make for a muzzy outline, and only the best materials—the cheap ones do not stand up to studio wear and studio lights."

Miss Dawson's own black suit obeyed both directives. In it she looked a strangely stark shadow against her Belgrave drawing-room with its leaf-strepped turquoise walls, sardin sofas in brown, cherry and purple, gilded rococo cherubs and antique clocks.

While her two cats stalked through their forest of carved chair legs Miss Dawson considered her method with clothes. Two days a week she spends as consultant to one of the largest group of chain-stores in the country. But it is the film work that presents the main challenge to technique.

INGENUITY

There was the armour, for example, for Alan Ladd's film Black Knight; 150 knights needed coats of mail. Instead they had suits of moulded rubber. It took over 20 separate pieces to make each outfit. The moulds were made from plaster casts and strapped together with leather thonging. For close-up shots they had the real thing—brand-new medieval metal. And some of the troops were child mail. Miss Dawson was slightly contemptuous—"only crocheted string, painted silver."

At one stage in Miss Dawson's career, metals were her mother, when after studying art at the Sleds, in Paris and in Rome, she set up her own business designing and making jewellery. She made necklaces out of glass bubbles filled with water and floating, chains. Others out of macaroni and felt. "I let it get wet, then baked it a little." The fashions caught on, and in the 'thirties she had two London shops and employed a hundred men.

Today Miss Dawson retains her ingenuity. There was the



PICTURES BY DAVID OLINS

The thing that you miss most in Moscow



"No, we have no children, alas, but we have a Scotch terrier." (The only dog I saw in Russia).

"My wife does the garden, I'm no good at it. But the chauffeur helps in his spare time."

"You must have another cake. Stop thinking about your figure."

These were a high-up couple in the professional class. And Russia, I might mention, is the most class-conscious country I have ever visited.

THE BALLET—so brilliant

I WENT to the ballet to see Lepeshinskaya in Coppelia. She is one of the four top ballerinas in Russia. "I have never seen a dancer to compare with her. She was stunningly brilliant."

Ballet is one of the few things that balks the Moscow crowd out of its apathy. It was a pleasure to hear them clap and cheer.

I DROVE into the country to look at the villages, but though some of the landscape near Moscow is beautiful, the villages are just bunches of wooden shacks.

There are no country inns or cafes. I am told, anywhere in Russia, nowhere outside the

large towns where you can buy a meal, or even a drink. Travellers have to go well provided with food. Good villages, I suppose, are a sign of a backward history, which Russia has not.

Older Women Now Get Job Breaks

Boston. Women between 65 and 70 are finding it surprisingly easy to get jobs here these days.

In fact, the demand for elderly women has increased so that the Women's Educational & Industrial Union has appointed Mrs. Marjorie Roberts to direct the placing of the

older women. Many of these older women have been retired by some of the larger firms in "retiring" before social security, but the law permits them to earn an

additional \$1,200 annually in either part-time work or temporary jobs.

Home economists, secretaries, public relations experts, social workers, dictators and clerical workers are in demand. The Hickox Secretarial School has been giving refresher courses in short-hand and typewriting free of charge to a number of these older women.

Some of these white-haired working girls are widows. Others need extra cash to support their families. But most of them merely want to keep occupied.—United Press

It is women who build the skyscrapers, leave the loads and pick-axe the streets. I saw

above: a shortie housecoat of non-iron pique patterned with cabbage rose. Left: a Victorian pelisse of seersucker printed with rosebuds.

AND IT IS WOMEN WHO ARE THE LOSERS IN A WORLD WHICH HAS MANY OF THE ESSENTIALS BUT NONE OF THE GRACES.

The life that is sold in the streets is limp and withering; yet women buy it and carry it home with pride. They simply do not know the meaning of quality.

THE MYSTERY—is this it?

Yet I wanted to stay for many weeks and travel into the interior and see more and more of Russia. It is melancholy, but full of mystery. I hated having the door of the Ministry in my upstairs for my interview, which was friendly and to the point.

I WAS SADDENED all the time at the lead Russia puts on her women. No wonder they are pasty-faced and dour. They are simply—Russia.

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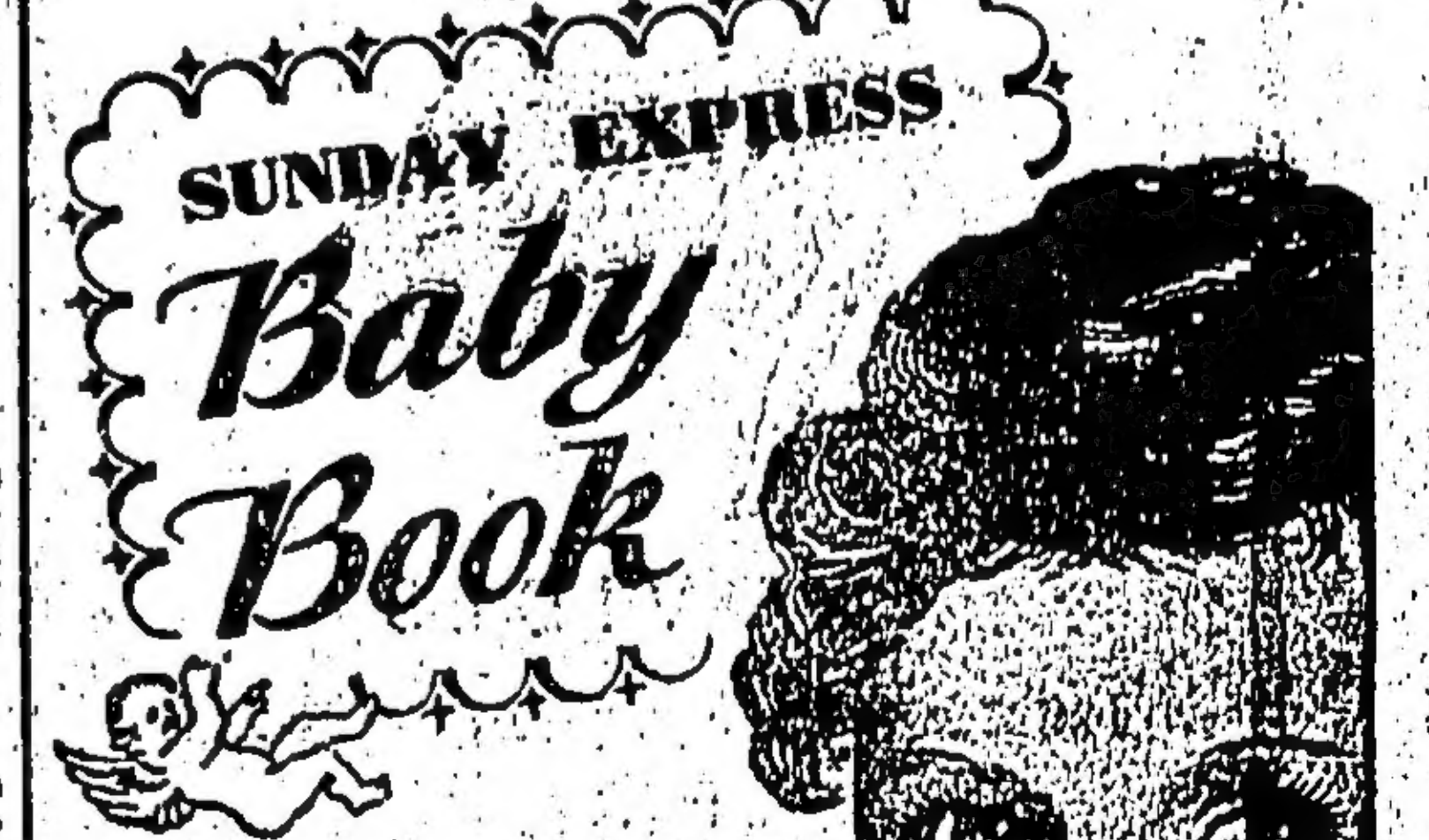
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LEFT: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who went on leave on Tuesday, shaking hands with the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David, before a banquet. Mr David is Officer Administering the Government during the Governor's absence. (Staff Photographer)

WINNERS at the Christ Church baby show with their proud mothers. On left: Joyco Lo, best baby girl in the show, with Mrs. Lo Yuk-shaung. Right: Robert Davies-Jones, best boy baby, with Mrs. A. Davies-Jones. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Allen Li were received into the Roman Catholic Church last Saturday when they were baptised by the Rev. Fr T. Doody at St Teresa's Church. (Staff Photographer)

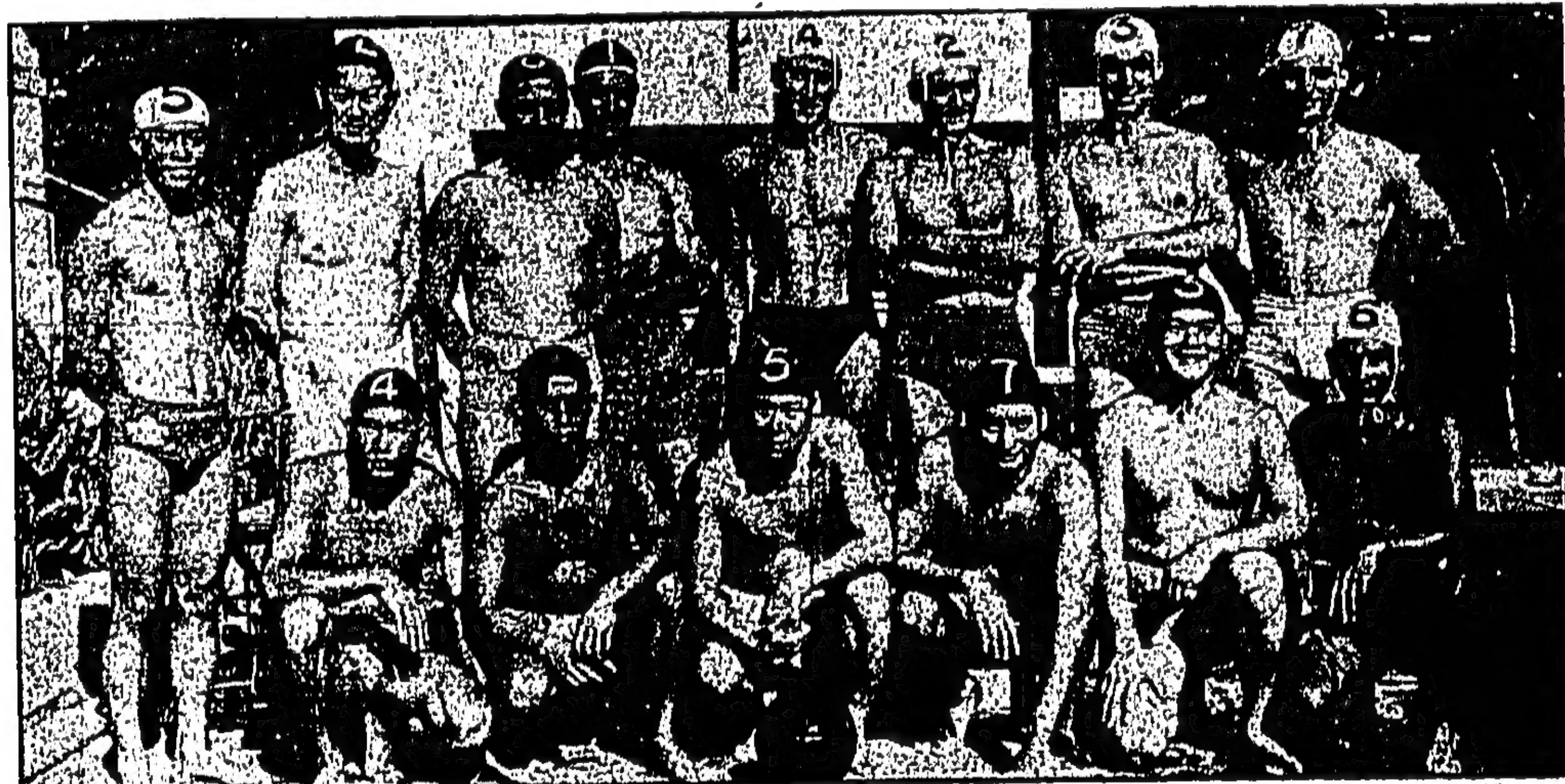


THE Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals were hosts on Tuesday at a banquet in honour of the Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau, who was elevated to the Knighthood in the Birthday Honours. From left: Mr Y. W. Fong, Mr S. H. Yang, the Hon. Kwok Chan, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, the Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, Mr P. T. Loong, Chairman, and Mr Wilson Wang. (Staff Photographer)

CHRISTENING at the Norwegian Church of Kristin Vibeke, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs S. C. Onsager. The godfather was Mr A. Solberg. (Eddie Ching)



SOME 60 of Professor Gordon King's past students who continued their studies in China during the war years gave him a farewell party at the Sky Restaurant this week. Prof. Gordon King is leaving for Australia. He is seen here with Dr and Mrs T. T. Chin. (Staff Photographer)



EASTERN Athletic Association defeated Army South by three goals to two in the Junior Water Polo League. Here are the players before their encounter in the Victoria Barracks pool. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Distribution of free rice and beans to the poor at the Southern Playground. The gifts were made available to the Hindu Association by Mr and Mrs F. T. Melwani. (Staff Photographer)



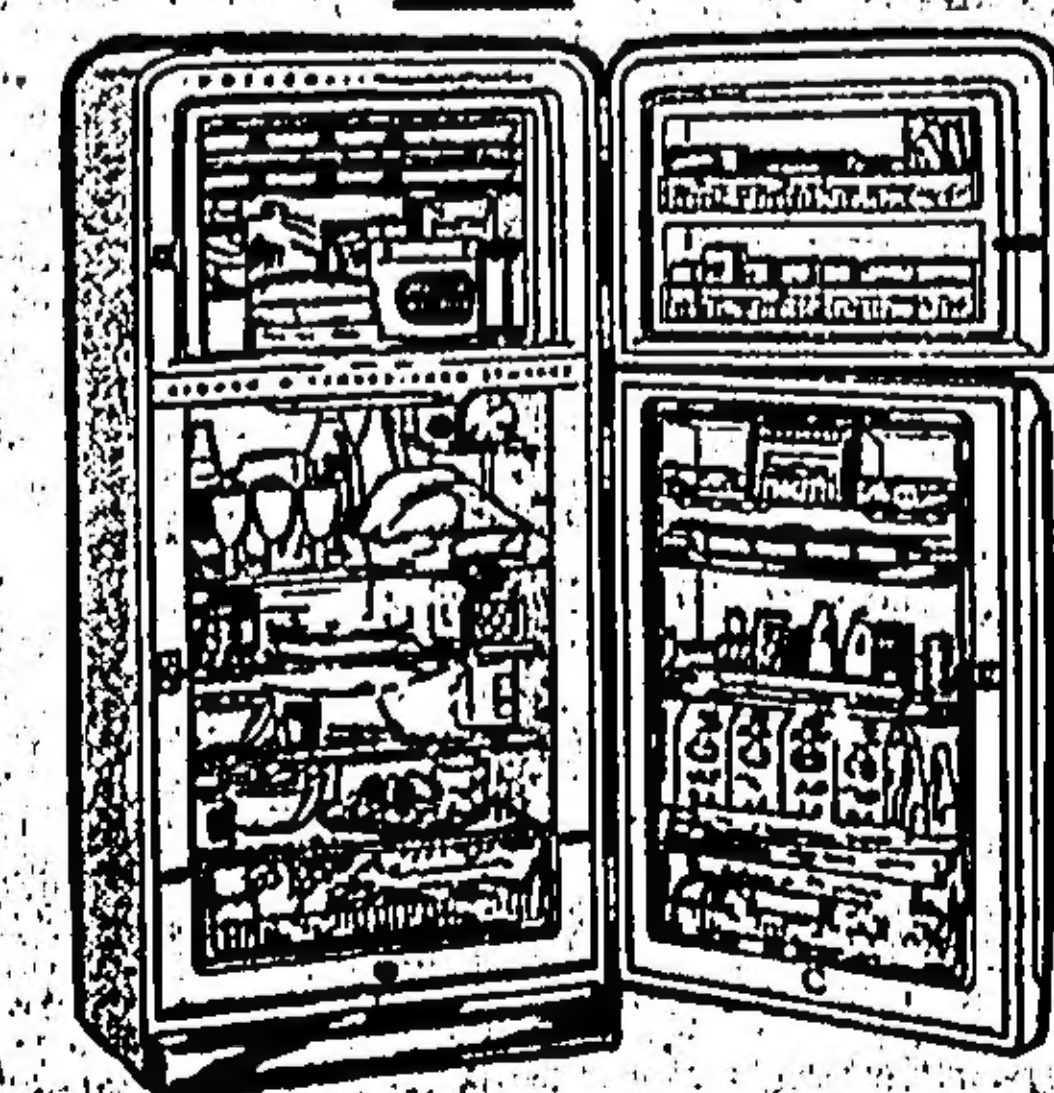
YOUNG Mervyn Larken, son of Mr and Mrs Percy H. Larken, receiving a prize from Mrs R. Trueman at the annual prize-giving of the Diocesan Preparatory School. (Staff Photographer)



THE Thai Consul-General and Mrs. Charat Chalokmitianana (on right) gave a reception at the Gloucester Hotel to celebrate Thai National Day. They are seen with Mr E. F. Drumright, U.S. Consul-General, and Mrs. Drumright. (Staff Photographer)

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LITTLE friends of Gloria Juno Cotton, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. H. Cotton, at her birthday party on Thursday. Gloria's father is Superintendent of the Royal Naval Dockyard Police. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor opened the Salvation Army's new Vocational and Community Centre at Chuk Yuen on Monday. Scene on his arrival for the ceremony. Lt-Col F. E. Jowkes, head of the Salvation Army in Hongkong, welcomed the Governor. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the christening of Helen Fiona England, baby daughter of Mr and Mrs J. N. England, at St. Stephen's College Chapel, Stanley, last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS B. C. K. Hawkins, wife of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, receiving a bouquet from Mrs Kay Brooks after she had opened the new Handicrafts Shop of the Council for Social Services in Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The new Hongkong representative of the KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Mr J. E. Tjaden, greeting guests at a cocktail party held at the Peninsula Hotel on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: A few of the younger generation who enlivened a hobo dance held at the American Club. (Willie's)



DR W. J. Cator, Netherlands Consul-General, gave a "fresh herring and beer" party at his residence on Wednesday. In picture here he is seen in conversation with Mr and Mrs A. J. van der Weiden. (Staff Photographer)

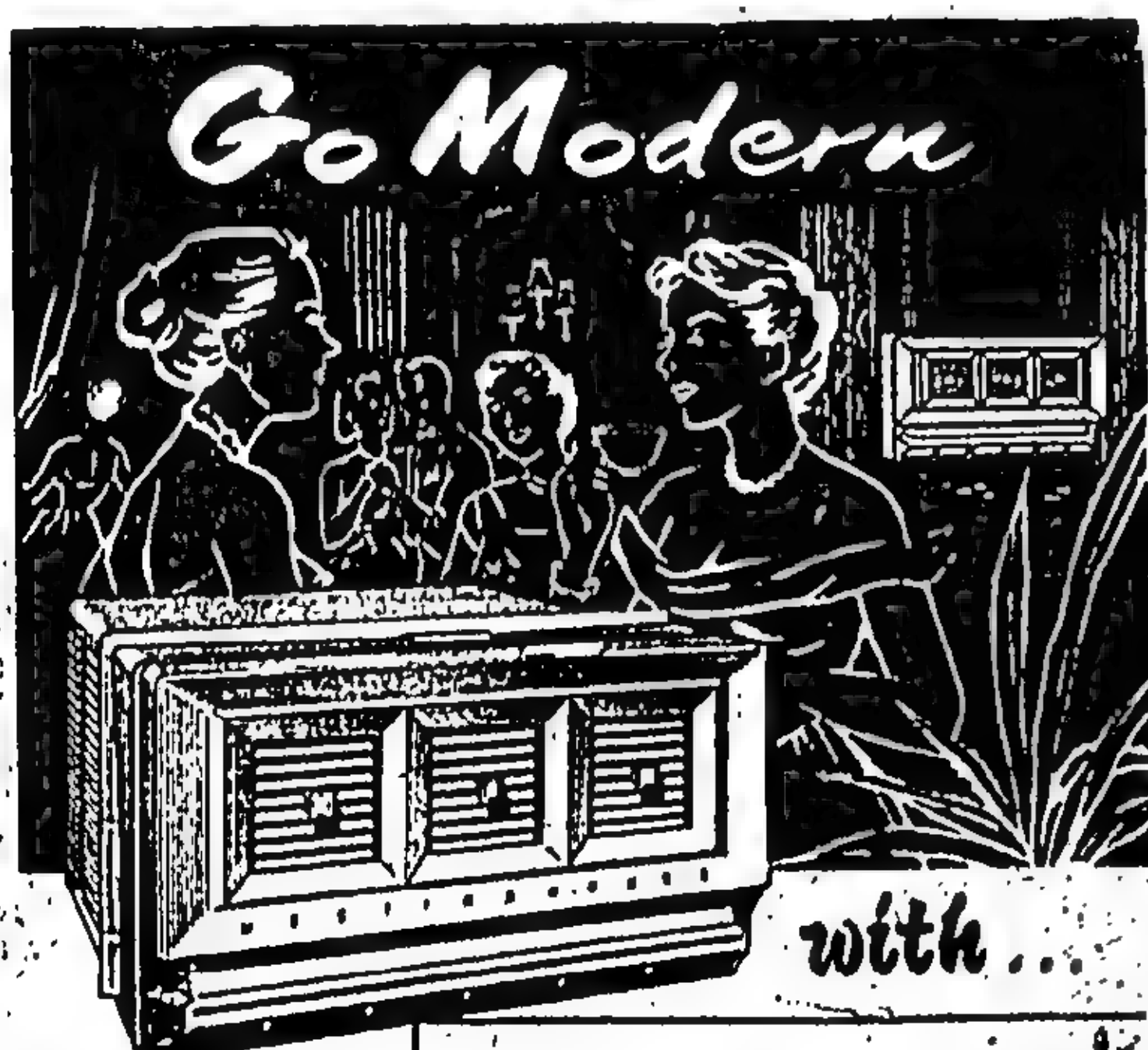
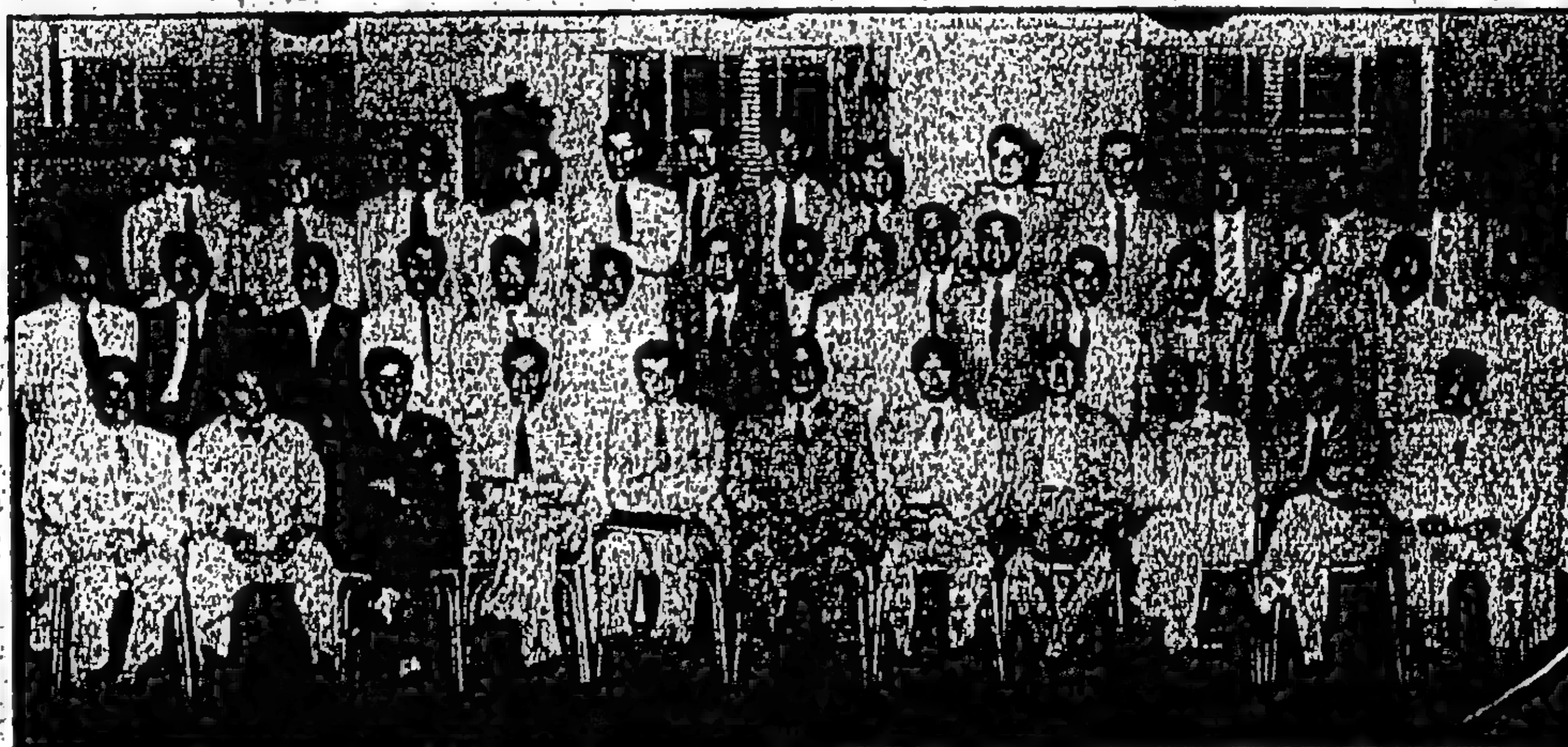


MISS Cynthia Ma, daughter of Mr and Mrs Ronald Ma, who left for the United Kingdom last week to continue her studies, seen off by her friends from the Diocesan Girls' School. Miss Ma is fifth from right.



NURSES of the St John Ambulance Brigade marching up Garden Road to St John's Cathedral last Sunday for the St John Commemoration Service. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Members of the newly-formed Hongkong Society of Architects shown at their inaugural meeting held at the American Club. (Willie's)



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DISASTER CAME SO CASUALLY

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER.
By Walter Lord. Longmans.
16s. 188 pages.

AT 11.40 p.m. on Sunday, April 14, 1912, on her maiden voyage, "the unsinkable ship" met the irresistible iceberg. At first, the clash aroused interest rather than anxiety.

Aboard the Titanic ice-warnings were treated too lightly. And ten miles away from the sinking liner was another ship with a wireless set unmanned.

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

"A Night to Remember" is a book not to put down.

A MIRROR FOR NARCISSUS. By Nagley Farson. Collins. 16s. 302 pages.

FARSON, in his mid-sixties, takes up the task of writing his autobiography for the third or, maybe, the fourth time. The alert reader is haunted by recollections of earlier Farson volumes.

As a restless, swashbuckling New England engineer-turned-journalist, he has:

1—A gift for the snap portrait and the swift impression.
The Columbian poet William Valencia lolls on his couch covered with black panther skins.

2—A sense of drama and a rarer sense of comedy: Sweetie, the little American blonde, seeing the Royal Mail boat in Panama Canal dock, says: "The power of the water must be awfully strong to lift that audacious big thing."

3—"The chief thing wrong with colonialism . . . it has never been applied."

4—An underlying dis-appointed ideal, that nations are healthy if they are close to the cultivation of their own soil. Farson's inclusive, melancholy, talent is as strong as ever, although some of his material is necessarily a little worn. Autobiography can only be written once.

THE CHINA THAT WAS

ELEGANT FLOWER, by Desmond Neill, John Murray. 18s. 202 pp.

DESMOND Neill went in Singapore at the end of World War II as a junior officer in the military administration. Greatly attracted to the place and its people, he decided to stay and, after joining the Malayan Civil Service, was sent to Army to study Hokkien, the predominant dialect of the Chinese population of Singapore.

In this book he describes his drift struggles with the language, his encounters with his teachers and friends, Chinese and non-Chinese, in and around the Army district, and brief excursions to Shanghai, Peking and Formosa.

It is a story of a China that belongs to the past, though of recent recollection—for the take-over of the country by the Communists has brought vast changes.

One is tempted to wonder whether the people he knew have not already disappeared—the rich Hokkien merchants back from Malaya who wine and dined him; the gentle rogue of a teacher, Mr. Lim, to whom such a lot that Neill did was "kee kwai"; or Kim Peng, the gentleman living quietly in the backwater that was Lunghen, who turned easily from Beethoven and Chopin to Chinese opera and American dance music, all in a short discussion.

UNDERSTANDING

These characters and the type of life they led in a largely unchanging pattern are familiar to "old China hands."

Neill presents with insight and humour the many facets of their life—their art, their food, their customs, their virtues and their vices.

Living close to the people he acquired in eighteen months a deep understanding of what made them tick, and on his return to Singapore was better equipped to move around with the Chinese there. He now appreciated what once baffled him.

As for Mr. Neill, for very shortly afterwards he was transferred to Peking, where his perfected Hokkien was as foreign as Hottentot—for the Chinese there spoke Cantonese. And he was to start all over again!

A pleasant, amusing book, well written, showing how a patient human approach can break down many barriers—ACG.

LIBRARY LIST

● Escape From Germany. By Aidan Crawley. Collins. 16s. 318 pages. A survey of the art and practice of escaping from POW camps, written with the authority of one who was head of the Eastern Intelligence Organisation in Silesia Luft III.

● The Rise of Scotland Yard. By Douglas G. Browne. Harbinger. 25s. 382 pages. Cops and robbers, as played in London these last 120 years. Careful, able, written history of a remarkable British institution, indispensable to the historian and of interest to everyone else.

● Highway of the Sun. By Victor von Hagen. Collins. 16s. 302 pages. The roads the Incas built 500 years ago in the mountains of Peru provide the reason for an adventurous journey of exploration—and an excuse for this narrative by the leader of the expedition.

Barbirolli puts over a new record deal

Cyril Stapleton's column

I HEARD this week of a big new development in the record world. After nearly 30 years with one company, Sir John Barbirolli has switched to another.

He has left E.M.I. (the His Master's Voice group) and will in future record with Pye. But

this time he will have a big financial share in the set-up, as director of a new company called Pye-Barbirolli.

The reason for the switch is that Sir John was unhappy with E.M.I. "We couldn't see eye to eye over the repertoire," he says.

And I can tell you that he wanted to record Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," but the job went to Sir Malcolm Sargent instead.

I make this prediction. None of the big labels will be giving pop artists directorships. They will stay on their own.

I'VE HEARD THAT

ONE BEFORE

A TUNE which I introduced to Britain over two years ago is already being revived. Remember "Carnival!" Its out again under the title of "Kiss Me Another." The singer who has made this disc made her first record over 20 years ago under the name of Freda Gibson. The song she sang then was written by Louis Armstrong. Title . . . "If We Never Meet Again."

Suit to say it was a flop as far as Freda was concerned. But she kept on trying. After five years she changed her name and started all over from scratch. But it wasn't until last year, 15 years later, that she managed to hit the big time. In that one year she had no less than three records which sold more than a million copies each. This one might be her fourth in America and her first in Britain. Listen to her Nibs, Miss Georgia Gibbs, sing "Kiss Me Another" on Mercury.

NOW THEY'RE

POPULAR AGAIN

IS it possible that two of the world's most beautiful women have been millionaires round the necks of their men?

This thought occurred to me when I was listening to two new long-playing records this week. One by Frank Sinatra, the other by Dick Haymes.

Sinatra, for instance, was on a low ebb when he was married to Ava Gardner. It wasn't until after they parted that Frankie started to regain the popularity he had in "Nancy's day."

Ever since Dick Haymes carried Rita Hayworth over the threshold as his wife he's hardly been heard of, apart from being known as the "man Rita married."

It wasn't because their ability had suffered. If I remember

rightly Sinatra at least made some wonderful discs during "Nancy's day." It was just that public attention seemed to get focussed on their private lives rather than on their professional careers. Strangely enough, Sinatra made his big comeback as a straight actor in "From Here to Eternity."

Dick Haymes' excellent singing abilities would appear to have been forgotten until now, when, having parted from Rita, he comes back into the record market in a big way. His new L.P. on Capitol, "Rain or Shine," is well worth listening to. The numbers are all a trifle on the slow side, but they are beautifully sung and delightfully played by the orchestra conducted by Ian Bernard. Sinatra's newest album, "Songs for Swinging Lovers," is one of the finest I've heard. Every item is a gem, and Frankie's singing is just equalled by the outstanding musical arrangements of Nelson Riddle, who also conducts.

Incidentally, Sinatra's newest "78" has just been banned by the B.B.C. It's called "I Never Knew." I played it through five times and failed to spot the offending line.

However, Johnny Johnston, who has recorded the number on Decca with his vocal group—The Johnston Brothers—tells me they have altered one word and their record has been passed by the powers.

They have altered the word "chemical" to "magical."

ELVIS CLIMBING IN

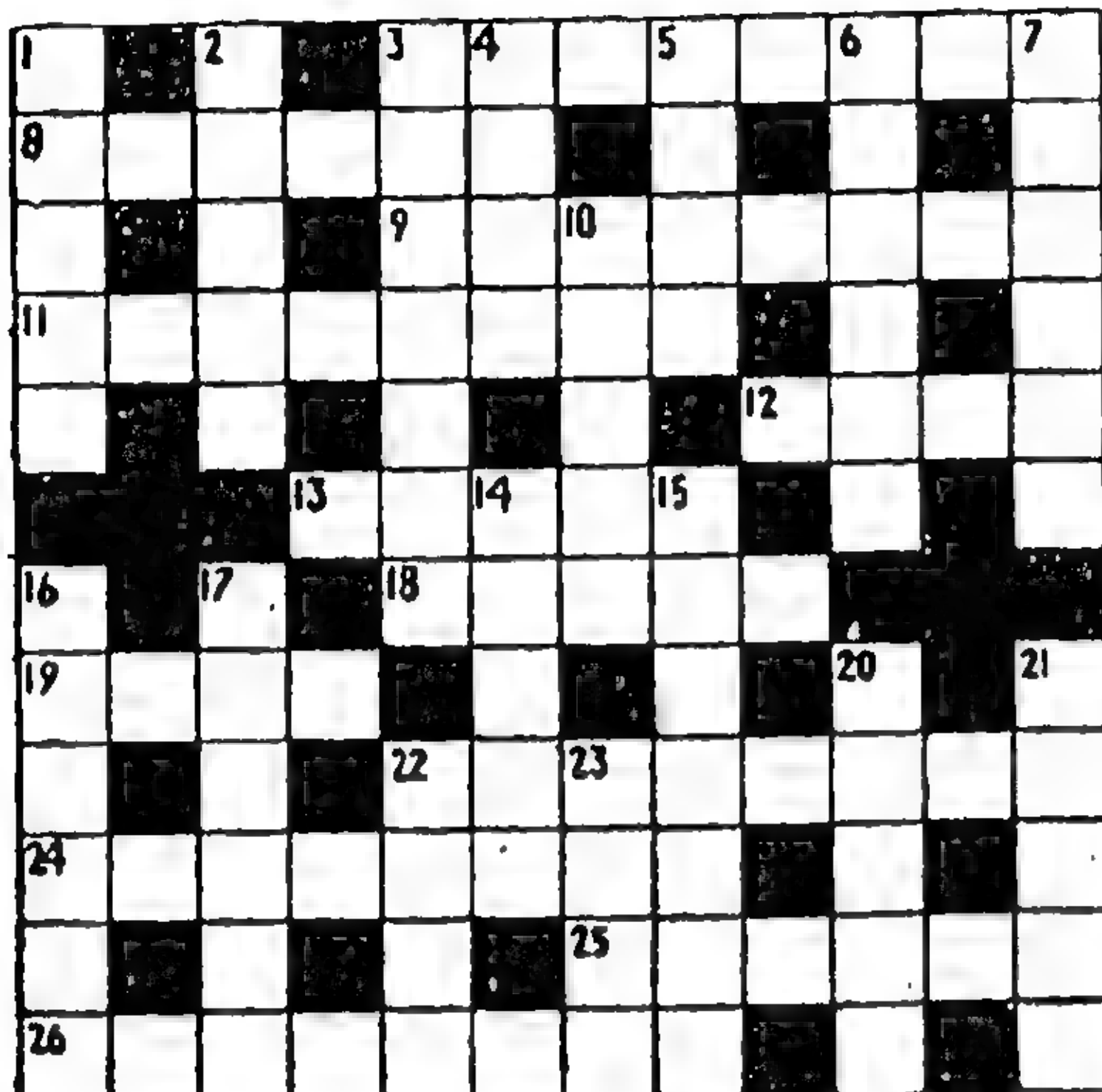
THE TOP TEN

That man Elvis Presley continues to climb the Hit Parade. Last week his two records were 4th and 10th. Now they're No. 3 and No. 9.

- 1 "I'LL BE HOME." Pat Boone (London).
- 2 "LOST JOHN." Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nixa).
- 3 "HEARTBREAK HOTEL." Elvis Presley (H.M.V.).
- 4 "NO OTHER LOVE." Ronnie Hilton (H.M.V.).
- 5 "HOT DIGGITY." Perry Como (H.M.V.).
- 6 "SAINTS ROCK AND ROLL." Billy Haley and his Comets (Brunswick).
- 7 "A TEAR FELL." Teresa Brewer (Vogue-Coral).
- 8 "MY SEPTEMBER LOVE." David Whitfield (Decca).
- 9 "BLUE SUED SHOES." Elvis Presley (H.M.V.).
- 10 "BLUE SUED SHOES." Karl Perkins (London).



A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Injuring (8).
- 8 Mend (6).
- 9 Harshened (8).
- 11 Trespasses (8).
- 12 Press (4).
- 13 Headquarters (5).
- 18 Senior member of body (5).
- 19 Spoken (4).
- 22 Plunders (8).
- 24 Young fowl (8).
- 25 Carry on again (6).
- 26 Uncommon pieces (8).

DOWN

- 1 Feature (6).
- 2 Deluge (5).
- 3 Weakened (7).
- 4 Parched (4).
- 5 Deeds (4).
- 6 Refuse to take notice (6).
- 7 Useful contrivance (6).
- 10 Indian soldier (5).
- 14 Might (5).
- 15 Places of worship (7).
- 16 Agree (6).
- 17 Native seaman (8).
- 20 Dudgeon (5).
- 21 Pale (5).
- 23 Clever (4).
- 24 Dried up (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Lizard, 7 Eerie, 8 Dispel, 10 Assail, 13 Reprise, 16 Made, 17 Amperes, 18 Ashine, 20 Decca, 21 Earnest, 26 Roster, 27 Princess, 28 Elite, 29 Steamers. Down: 1 Debar, 2 Earnest, 3 Ledge, 4 Inch, 5 Appear, 6 Thence, 11 Sense, 12 Iron, 14 Smeared, 15 Means, 16 Denote, 18 Adapt, 19 Inure, 22 Boxes, 23 Scribe, 24 Tried, 26 Scum.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Throw-Out Week

BY HARRY WEINERT



WEEK-END BOWLS

IRC "BLUES" AT HOME TO CRAIGENGOWER IN CRUCIAL MATCH TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

Two crucial League matches this afternoon head the Colony's crowded lawn bowls programme for the next four days.

Tomorrow the Open Rinks Championship begins its first round proper with 16 matches, and on Monday and Tuesday all the 32 first round games of the Open Singles Championship will be played off.

Taking the top spot among the League matches this afternoon will be that between the Indian Recreation Club "Blues" and the Craigengower Cricket Club at Sookumpoo.

Although Craigengower are at the head of the table with 27 points in eight matches, the Indians are in a slightly better position than their rivals, having gained 25½ points in seven matches.

With respect to Kowloon Bowling Green Club, against whom the Indians have a postponed game, four points for the Indians are a fair estimate for the match, as the Indians have potentially 29½ points to their credit at the moment.

Much of the chances of either Craigengower or the IRC "Blues" will hinge on the result of their match this afternoon.

A decisive 4-1 or 5-0 win for either side will greatly change the probabilities of a victory, but a 3-2 decision either way will put Kowloon Bowling Green Club in a good position.

At the same time last year's champions Recco, may come back into the picture. With the local greens playing much faster now, the Recco bowlers are fast getting back into championship form and should not be underestimated in any race for the division title.

Some excellent bowls is expected during the coming week.

In view of the fine playing conditions of the local greens at the moment, if anything, they tend to be slightly on the fast side, and club convenors may perhaps consider the advisability of watering greens before matches so as to ensure the best playing condition.

Although Craigengower beat the Indians in the first round by a 4-1 margin, the psychological advantage will be with the Indians this afternoon. The Valley Club twelve have still to shake off the effects of their defeat by Recco last week-end and overcome their diffidence on the extremely fast IRC green where they recently suffered a 4-1 setback from the Indians' "Gold" team.

Supporters of the Indian camp estimate the odds as being 3 to 2 for the home team. I should think the chances about even for either side to win by a 4-1 margin, with the odds just about in favour of the Indians. Here perhaps the advice of Wai Curry, one of the greatest Australian bowlers, may prove useful to both teams: "On a fast green, stick to the drawing game. Avoid playing blocks and concentrate on a safe back position."

The crucial match this afternoon is the Third Division where the League-leading Hongkong Police Sports Association will be at home to the Philip Club who are only one point behind with one game in hand.

A decisive win for the Philip Club will put them in a very strong position for the Championship. Having won only Kowloon Bowling Green Club is likely challenger.

The HKPSA will have to win the match to keep well within the race and with a good advantage. It is about as good as a foregone conclusion that this afternoon will see the Philip Club defeat the Hongkong Police.

With Kowloon Dock "Blues" still in the second division, the race now narrows down to a race for the runners-up position with no fewer than five teams vying for the place. Four of them will clash in one of the last games in this division.

Craigengower will take on the Football Club on their green and Kowloon Cricket Club will be at home to USRC, and both are expected to come through with four points each. Recco, the other contenders for the runners-up position have now point within their grasp despite playing away against the Philip Club.

OPEN RINKS

Tomorrow the Colony Open Rinks first round matches will probably see all the teams getting through by comfortable margins. Three of last year's champion rinks, L. M. Silva, G. Santos and P. K. Lau, with newcomer to the rink, G. Hoang Choy, as No. 3 have been drawn against Football Club's H. Ebbeck, W. McColl, F. D. Angus and K. Farway at the IRC green and a close game is expected, with the odds slightly in favour of the Craigengower four.

On paper probably the strongest four in the event are Francis Lee, C. C. Ma, A. E. Coates and J. S. Lindell, against W. Riley, W. Chambers, W. Gaffney and A. E. Elliott, they may not, however, have matters their own way and will probably be pushed to their best form.

Recco's strongest four in the event are J. Fonseca, A. P. Pereira, C. C. Pereira and Joe Luz, but F. X. Silva, A. A. Gutierrez, F. X. M. Silva and Johnny Ribeiro, F. G. Luz, S. E. Souza, C. E. Passos and A. A. Lopes are two other Recco combinations which are capable of going far in the tournament.

Another favoured four are IRC's A. R. A. Rahman, A. H.

Seemim, M. B. Hussain and O. R. Sadick.

All these fours are expected to win their games tomorrow, but to be slightly on the fast side, who the eventual winners of the rinks even will be as much the reader's guess as mine. Records show that two practical by using and untried fours won the event in the last two seasons and from among the underdogs four may yet rise up this year to complete the hat-trick.

OPEN SINGLES

The first round matches of the Singles event on Monday and Tuesday will be more interesting, with at least two matches especially worth watching on Monday. One of these will be that between A. P. Pereira and former champion A. E. Coates to be played at KCC.

Coates, after a poor beginning this season, has picked up his old form during the last two weeks and will probably just be able to make it. The other match will see two former champions, Joe Landolt and A. H. Seemim, clash at Takoo, with the odds slightly in favour of Seemim.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Recco v. KBCG
FC v. TC
KCC v. IRC "Gold"
IRC "Blue" v. CCC
Second Division
CCC v. HKFC
FC v. Recco
KCC v. USRC
KDC "White" v. POC
KDC "Blue" v. PRC
HKCC (Bye)

Third Division
CCC v. KBCG
PRC v. HKFC
KBCG v. HKFC
HKPSA v. FC
Ladies League
USRC v. CCC "Green"
FC v. KCC "White"
KBCG v. CCC "Yellow"
KDC v. KCC "Red"
PRC v. TC

TOMORROW

Colony Open Rinks
First round matches at TC, KCC, HKCC, KBCG, KCC, CCC, KDC and IRC.
MONDAY
Colony Open Singles
First round matches at KCC, KDC, KCC, KBCG, KCC, HKCC, HKFC and TC.

TUESDAY
Colony Open Singles
First round matches at TC, IRC, HKCC and KBCG.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who was the first man to win the Men's Singles title at Wimbledon?
2. In what year did Victor Seixus win the Men's Singles title?
3. Who are the first two seeds in this year's Championships?
4. Who was the last married woman to win the Women's Singles title?
5. When was the last time an Englishman won the Men's Singles, and who was he?
6. Who was Gorgonzola Gussie?
7. Name two famous American tennis champions, both Wimbledon winners, who recently turned professional (one man and one woman).
8. What is the official title of the Wimbledon tennis tournament?
9. Who is the President of the All-England Club?
10. Which famous tennis champion had her career cut short through a riding accident? (Answers See Page 17)

THE CROWN UPSIDE DOWN



Both the Duke of Edinburgh and H.M. The Queen seem to be amused by the sight of the crown upside down on the Guards Brigade Colour which is covering the trophy table. This small diversion took place after a polo match in Great Windsor Park on June 24 when the Burlington team, captained by the Duke of Edinburgh beat a New Zealand team in an exhibition match. The Queen presented a prize to her husband after the match as captain of the winning team. (Central Press Photo.)

TIGERS OF SPORT

If ever a man worked and slaved and tortured himself to attain the heights of athletic greatness that man was Emil Zatopek. His appearance when running may have indicated success through misery. But his triumphs may never be equalled, even in this age of records. HARRY ANDREW, in the fourth of his Tigers of Sport series, tells of his remarkable Olympic treble.

HIS MIRACLE MARATHON STUNNED THE WORLD

By HARRY ANDREW

The most miserable looking athlete I have ever seen in action is Emil Zatopek, the Galloping Major from Czechoslovakia. His mouth twists, his face contorts as if every step is sheer agony. For him, nothing about running seems easy. Yet Zatopek is beyond question the greatest distance runner in world history. And he once said: "It is better to run badly and quickly than beautifully and slowly."

How I wish these words could be branded into the minds of every coach, every selector. How many athletes—In all sports—have been hampered because they looked good? And how many have been left out because their style didn't please some idiot who set appearance before performance? Anyway Zatopek is the living embodiment of what a man can do WITHOUT style—BUT WITH guts, determination, an unquenchable will to win, ruthless torture of himself (and his opponents) and the willingness to devote his every thought and action to the business of getting on top.

He proved it at the last Olympic Games at Helsinki in July, 1952, when he stunned the whole world by winning three gold medals for the three longest races—the 5,000 and 10,000 Metres and the Marathon. His Marathon performance was unbelievable. He had never run in it before. He had not trained for it. The race stretches out over 26 miles 38½ yards—and the Galloping Major had already run almost 10 miles to win his two other medals.

No expert would give him a chance of winning. Zatopek "walked" away from a field of the world's best runners—Corno of Argentine, Juma of Sweden, Yoon Chul Choi of Korea, Jim Peters of Britain, and a host of others.

Peters then held the unofficial world record and made no secret of the fact that he intended running Zatopek into the ground. He tried, too. He led from the start. But he finished the last 10 or 11 miles in the back of a motor-car—knocked out by the pace.

But Zatopek ran on and on, laughing to the crowd, waving, even turning his head so that the photographers could snap him. The crowd went crazy as he strode along into the Olympic Stadium. He finished more than 2½ minutes ahead of the next man. He shattered the Olympic record by 6 minutes 10 seconds.

And he ran an extra circuit of the stadium to please the crowd as his rivals gasped and groaned and collapsed behind him. For Zatopek the athlete no prize could be enough. And about Zatopek the man, even his biggest rivals concede that he is the most charming of men.

Unfortunately, he appears only too willing to lend himself to the political propaganda machine. He was, for instance, the apparent author of a Round Robin appeal to British athletes to attend a Communist-backed "Peace Conference" in Vienna in 1952.

By contrast, I have spoken to many athletes who assure me that Zatopek is the soul of courtesy and sportsmanship when competing. He is also not above a little spot of gamesmanship when the opportunity offers. For instance, in that Helsinki Marathon he ran alongside Peters for some time—with the Englishman pounding his heart out to keep going. Then the Czech waved a grey hand and in broken English, said he'd have to be getting along "as the pace is a little too slow for me."

Imagine how Peters felt at that moment! Zatopek is a professional soldier—"in the cause of peace"—and we are assured that his rank of major is due entirely to his efficiency at his trade. However, I always find it remarkable that these Iron Curtain athletes seem to time promotions with their athletic successes—as for instance the Hungarian footballer, Ferenc Puskas, whose advance to major coincided with his country's jump to the top of the soccer circus.

It is certain that, however hard Zatopek works at his soldiering, he works a darn sight harder at his running. He has revolutionized long-distance training, setting himself a killing schedule which nobody thought could be maintained.

HIS LUNG POWER

Typical, for instance, is that he decided to increase his lung power while running as far as he could holding his breath. HE RAN UNTIL HE DROPPED UNCONSCIOUS! Nothing stops him carrying out his routine, rain or hail or snow or sunshine. And his wife—formerly Dana Ingrove—goes with him. The two of them had a unique double at Helsinki when minutes after Zatopek's 5,000 Metres triumph, his wife went out and won the Javelin with a record throw. Nature itself gave Zatopek his other great advantage: an abnormally large heart with an unusually slow beat. Incidentally, the size of his heart has not

SPORTS SPECTRUM

Mr Wong Advocates A Strict Colour Bar

Mr Wong sat at the bar and watched the door of the club. He was obviously impatient and there was a definite edge on his voice as he called for another drink.

He glanced at his watch and seemed about to make a move as the door swung open and Big John came in.

They met half way across the room.

"It's good to see you again... you old scamp," said the new arrival. "I hope you've managed to keep Colony sport in order while I've been on leave."

"Oh, it has been most frustrating, John," confided his companion. "There hasn't been a soul about the club who was worth arguing with, but I'm going to make up for lost time going that you're back. There are at least a dozen subjects on which I want to obtain your views. We hear for example that there's going to be promotion and relegation in local soccer... I believe too that your proposal is afoot to change the whole face of Colony football."

and, if softball looks as bad now as it did when I went on leave, it could do with a good face lift," chipped in Big John.

Mr Wong treated the interruption with cool reserve, and indicated it would take more than a diverting thrust like that to sway him from his story. "You can have your say about that in due course, but apart from softball there's also a big plan to start a benevolent fund for our pagists... and then there's a suggestion that'll shake you to the roots... someone wants to see our lawn bowlers using coloured woods in competitive bowls matches."

This brought a quick smile to Big John's face. "I hope they don't let anyone choose green and white ones or royal blue and ones, otherwise there'll be no mean trouble between the fiery Scots at Takoo and Kowloon Docks. But, joking apart, and

speaking quite honestly, I think it's a pretty sound idea." This was hardly the sort of reply Mr Wong had anticipated. He had in fact expected an explosion from his colleague who is well-known as an enthusiastic bowler who dislikes any interference with the old tried and trusted traditions of the game.

"John," he said with just sufficient harshness to show his disappointment, "surely you don't mean to tell me that you approve of the idea of painting coloured rings on the sides of woods so that a few cranks can know who is lying the shot without causing themselves too much trouble. Oh no, John. The whole thing is a diabolical scheme to modernise an old fashioned game that doesn't need any modernising. Why the next thing will be a proposal that the players of each rink should turn out in club coloured shirts. We'd have the KCC in red and green, the Police Club in dark blue and the Football Club in their familiar blue and white soccer strip..."

As he paused for breath Big John jumped neatly into the attack. "Now listen to me, my good friend," he said in his quiet but commanding way. "You've brought football into the argument and I would like to ask you how well you could follow a football match from the grand stand if all the players wore the same coloured shirt or even if they wore none at all... Not only you but the players themselves would be completely confused. So why should it be different with lawn bowlers and the faithful folks who sit round the greens watching them play. The great thing in any competitive sport—even if it is only competitive for entertainment's sake—is that players on one side should be able to see easily what their opponents are up to, and I don't mind telling you that if lawn bowls has any ambition at all of attracting a gallery of spectators then it has to realise that it must make it easier for the watchers to see what is happening."

Hungarians Train For Olympics

Budapest.

Hungary's national sports coaching centre at Tata is being extended to aid her sportsmen in their Olympic training. A new gymnasium is being built which can be partitioned so that different sports can go on without interruption, reports the Hungarian News Service quoted by Reuters.

In Budapest three gymnasiums are being built under one roof with several smaller halls added for training seasons and lectures. The City Park Ice rink, which accommodates 4,000 people, is also to be extended and a 400-metre speed-skating track built.

Plans have also been made to transform the Recco bus garage near the People's Stadium into a sports hall to relieve pressure on the National and Csepel halls.

The High School for Physical Training in Budapest is to be enlarged by the addition of a 25-metre pool which will be open to non-students as well. Plans are in hand to install floodlighting in the 100,000-capacity People's Stadium which will enable evening fixtures to be played. (China Mail Special.)

There was a strange silence as he stopped. Mr Wong, his faith in his old friend obviously shaken, tried hard to control himself but it was an unsuccessful effort. Suddenly he turned to the bar and beat the counter with his tightly clenched fists. "No, 1," he shouted, "bring me a pink gin... no more... make a double... bring a large chunk of ice for my poor disillusioned friend who apparently has not yet recovered from a touch of the sun in the Red Sea..."

He drained his glass at one gulp and stamped towards the door. With his hand on the knob he shouted over his shoulder "and don't drink too much, John... or maybe you'll have a nightmare in glorious technicolour featuring pink woods..."

—B. E. JANT

ALL EYES ON THE BALL



All eyes follow the progress of the ball played by the brilliant young Australian Peter Thomson during the Canada Cup golf tournament at Wentworth Course, Surrey, on June 25. Anna folded at sight in Thomson's partner, Norman von Nida. (Reuterphoto.)

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POP

I HEARD FROM JILL TODAY SHE SAYS EVERYTHING IS JUST FINE

POP

I'M GLAD MY MARRIAGE HAS BEEN A SUCCESS

POP

OH YES - BUT OF COURSE SHE HATES HER HUSBAND

POP

OH WELL, ISN'T THERE ALWAYS SOMETHING

PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS.

CHERRY HEERING

MAJORE, MATTHEW & CO., LTD.

LE MANS TRACK FOR 24-HOUR ENDURANCE RACE MADE SAFER THIS YEAR

More than £300,000 have been poured out and nearly 10,000 cubic yards of earth have been displaced to make the Le Mans track safe for this year's 24-hour car endurance race, the organisers, the Automobile Club de l'Ouest, have announced.

A visit to the course, where 82 people lost their lives when a car crashed into packed spectators last June, showed that the track has been completely transformed.

The main track has been widened 15 ft and the refuelling pits and two essential modifications have been made.

These are: (1) alignment of the track in front of the stands and (2) widening of the curve giving access to the private road (known as the Dunlop Passage, which has consequently been displaced).

This is now about 500 yards wide instead of about 330 yards as in the past.

PROTECTIVE BARRIER

The biggest change has been made in the stands sector. These were made necessary by setting up a 20-foot wide decelerator track with a three-foot protective barrier.

This track which competitors going to refuel must use begins about 320 yards before the stands.

There will be no longer a signalling system at the stands. Drivers will be given instructions by 10 managers from standing stands at the Melan-Bend about 3½ miles from the pit.

Spectators in the stands will be safeguarded by a nine-foot wide security "fence" between the protective bank and the public enclosure.

The public will be safe in the stands and have perfect visibility.

This year's race, put back to July 28 and 29 out of respect for those who died in June last year, will, the organisers hope, be a veritable "test bench" for sports cars.

(Continued from page 16)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. S. W. Gore in 1877.
2. 1953.
3. Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, both of Australia.
4. Mrs F. S. Moody in 1938.
5. Frank Perry, 1935-36.
6. Guile-Moran of America.
7. Tony Trabert and Don Hart.
8. The All-England Lawn Tennis Championships.
9. The Duchess of Kent.
10. Maureen Connolly, who broke a leg while riding in her native California in 1954.

Royal H.K. Defence Force Orders

Serial No. 26. Orders by Brigadier L. T. Ride, CBE, ED, Commandant, Royal Hongkong Defence Force. Dated June 26, 1956.

Force Orders

Court of Inquiry. The undersigned, Brigadier L. T. Ride, CBE, ED, is hereby directed to inquire into the circumstances surrounding the recent discovery of the body of a member of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, Captain A. H. Penn, ED, ex-HKDF, who was killed in action on 26 June 1956.

There will be no longer a signalling system at the stands. Drivers will be given instructions by 10 managers from standing stands at the Melan-Bend about 3½ miles from the pit.

Spectators in the stands will be safeguarded by a nine-foot wide security "fence" between the protective bank and the public enclosure.

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(Continued from page 16)

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JAROSLAV DROBNY

COVER THOSE TEST WICKETS A DRYING WICKET CAN DEFEAT THE STRONGEST SIDE

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

To a poor simple Australian this so-called English summer is making nonsense of the defended-to-the-last-ditch idea of leaving wickets uncovered. The diehards won't have anything else over here. They claim that the weather provides so many of the "glorious uncertainties" that it would be butchering half the charm and character of the game to play on protected wickets.

On the point of "glorious uncertainties" I couldn't agree more. Everybody admits that the whole match probably depends more than anything else on (1) the luck of the toss and (2) on the luck, or bad luck, of the side caught on a drying wicket.

I don't think I enjoy the little we so often see of a good batsman fighting through a tough spot on a sticky wicket; but I respectfully submit that the luck of the toss or of the weather is no way to decide a Test match.

To my simple and probably narrow way of thinking a Test match should be decided by a fair test of the strengths of the two teams involved. I don't know any other game where that is not the case.

BETTER SPECTACLE

But in Test matches in England I suggest that all too often this is not the case. A shower of rain can often do far more than half a dozen extra bowlers or batsmen. I suppose it is true that over the years the luck of the weather even itself out. Sometimes it favours one side and sometimes the other.

I don't dispute that. The question of the over-all result of a series is not the issue. I merely make the point that every Test match in this country would be more fair and probably a better spectacle if wickets were protected from the rain right through.

I even suggest that it would be a good thing for the game if "century wickets" were covered. Through the years there are far too many false results dictated by the state of the pitch instead of the skill of the teams. I maintain that all the glorious uncertainties of cricket would still be retained even if we cut out some of these fantastic pitch conditions. We would still see the "bitter" catch go down, the new bowler lurch out the middle stump of the great batsman, the player in form take hold of a game apparently lost and turn it into a win.

These, I submit, are the real uncertainties and fascinations of the game.

At first, it seems a pretty good idea. But as I look into it I still feel that five days are better than four. Some suggest that the five day Test produces the five day mentality and tempo. Maybe. But I can well see that a side wanting a draw could stich up a four day game by taking its time over one innings. It's not easy to play for a draw over five days.

The manoeuvring which is often seen in shorter games in terms of time and runs is no easy over five days, and I think you get both teams starting out with the idea of having to fight all the way when they realise there is no easy way to safety.

What might be a good idea would be to start the Tests a day earlier and have the sixth day as the reserve time bank. The main factor against that would be the danger of the occasional finish before you reached Saturday—which would be the fourth day. Saturday, of course, is the big day and as the end of the Tests is a number one priority, that would never do.

BENEFITS

The man I had a fellow feeling for Saturday last was Surrey and England player Jim Laker. It was his benefit match at the Oval with Yorkshire the visitors. The only consolation Jim had was that he had had

the first sight to insure against the loss. It is an expensive business—something like £10 for £17 per £100 insured—but in Merry England this summer I think well worth while.

Jim's experience has naturally stirred up the old argument that the benefit system in cricket is unfair and that it should be reorganised. Some minor players are getting bumper benefits and some great ones receive very little. All I can say is that the cricketers themselves are quite content to take their chance.

From the time they enter the game they know that they might or might not get a benefit. They have no claim on one. If the committee decide against giving them one they have no redress. It is not in any contract.

They know the benefit is a gesture of appreciation rather than anything earned or to which they are entitled. And they accept it in that light. If the weather serves them well, they accept that. If it doesn't, they accept that. It's the back-stage workers who try to make up for it in other ways during the season.

You might even say that a player's benefit is yet another of the glorious uncertainties of this wonderful game.

COACHING HINT:

Being a good fielder goes far beyond merely picking up, safe catching and good throwing. A good fielder is an obedient one. In other words, when your captain puts you in a certain position keep to it. Don't take over his job by judging the position yourself and creeping round to where YOU think you should be. Mark your position and keep to it. Let your captain and bowler do the planning.

'JAROSLAV ALMOST HAD TO GIVE UP TENNIS'

How Drob Won The Battle Of The Bulge

By ROY McKELVIE

Well, the battle of the Drobny bulge is nearly over and won. It has been going on for several months, in fact since last November, when it all started with Jaroslav having his appendix removed.

For some unknown reason, immediately after the operation he started to gain weight rapidly—unfortunately all in one place, for he began to find much to his chagrin that his toes were gradually disappearing from view.

Apart from an attack of amoebic dysentery which he had in the spring of 1954, the year he won Wimbledon, Drobny had never been ill in his life.

ENFORCED REST

Then suddenly there came two months of enforced rest during which almost all forms of exercise except walking which he hated were out.

About this time he had to make several visits to the tailor to have trousers and coats let out so that he could breathe. Tennis shorts were left alone for the time being, because Drob was quite sure as soon as he started running around a tennis court again the excess weight would come off.

But it was not to be. As soon as the doctor gave him the OK he started practising gently with his wife Rita, and about two weeks later went over to Paris in January to play in a covered court tournament.

It was too much for him in the circumstances, and with at least an extra stone in weight to carry around he lost to Hugh Stewart in a hard-fought match.

Unfortunately during this game he hurt his right leg just about where the damage was done in his marathon match with Budge Patty at Wimbledon in 1953.

After a few weeks' rest he went straight into the Swedish Championships and played Ulf Schmidt (who did so well in the Davis Cup against Britain) in the first round.

He survived that match but didn't know how he managed it. However the next one was too much for him and he lost to Sven Davidson. This game was so hard especially on wood that he hurt his leg again.

This time the doctor was adamant and told him the muscle that was bothering him in his right leg was pulling directly from the scar of his operation and that he must not play any more really hard games for a month.

So at the beginning of February Rita and he went down to the "sunny" Riviera to practise gently.

SNOW

They didn't see any sun, they didn't see any tennis courts—just miles and miles of snow. All they could do was sit.

So instead of losing weight they both put on some more. Jaroslav tried skipping and in the cold his muscles were frozen stiff and he hurt his leg again. So he flew back to London at once to get it fixed.

This time, fortunately, he had only twisted a muscle. Rita had waited for him on the Riviera, as at the end of the month he had entered the Gallia tournament and it was due to begin. So he returned to Cannes and down came the snow again.

HE HAD IT

At the last minute a covered court was found—and the Cannes Gallia tournament was played on a wooden basketball court in Nice.

So with no practice at all and just one match Jaroslav played Budge Patty in the final. He played extremely well and the first set went to 15-13, but after that he had had it.

"He did look a bit like a baby elephant running about," says Rita, "and he said he felt like one."

However, he thought that when he could, perspire in Egypt, where he was going, the "spare tyres" would disappear. But unfortunately they didn't.

Rita had returned to London after the Riviera to look after their small daughter and she kept getting letters from him which showed how depressed he was about his condition.

After Egypt he went to play in Italy instead of going to Bournemouth thinking the climate would be warmer in Italy and would help him reduce. But the weather in Italy wasn't much better than it had been on the Riviera and it rained most of the time and was bitterly cold as well.

LUCK CHANGED

It was while he was in Florence that his luck changed. Rita had received a letter from him just before saying that he had decided he would have to give up tennis as he just couldn't play carrying all that weight.

He had cut down his food to almost nothing and all that was happening was that he was becoming exhausted—and the "spare tyres" were still there. And last but by no means least, he can see his toes again.

ent would miss the return as he couldn't move. Rita wrote back at once and told him he would have to go to a doctor and do the job properly.

It happens he has a friend in Florence who specialises in this sort of thing and he went to see him at once.

"The results have been miraculous and now he is beginning to feel good again," says his wife.

EARLY TO BED

"He goes to bed early, about ten o'clock, and gets up about seven, runs around the park before breakfast and even has enough energy left to play with his daughter—though I must admit she can outlast about six of us in relays."

"So by the next Wimbledon I am hoping he has completely regained his health. His eye trouble, which bothered him a couple of weeks ago, has gone and he is now as slim and fit as he ever was. He is strong and looks after himself very well and certainly should be able to play top-class tennis for a few more years to come."

So we end where we began—with more visits to the tailor. This time to have everything taken in so his trousers will stay up and his jockeys won't look like overalls.

And last but by no means least, he can see his toes again.

BRITISH and Best



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THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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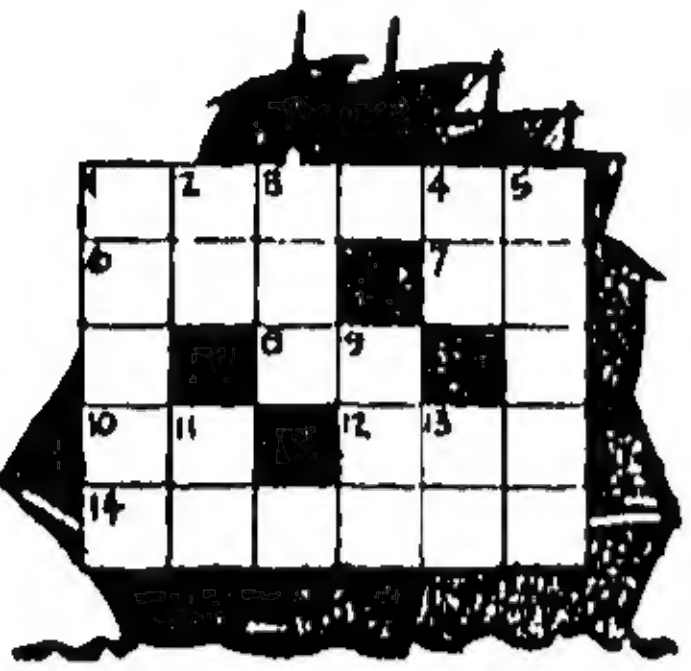
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Continued. Old has placed today's crossword puzzle on the opposite of a ship.



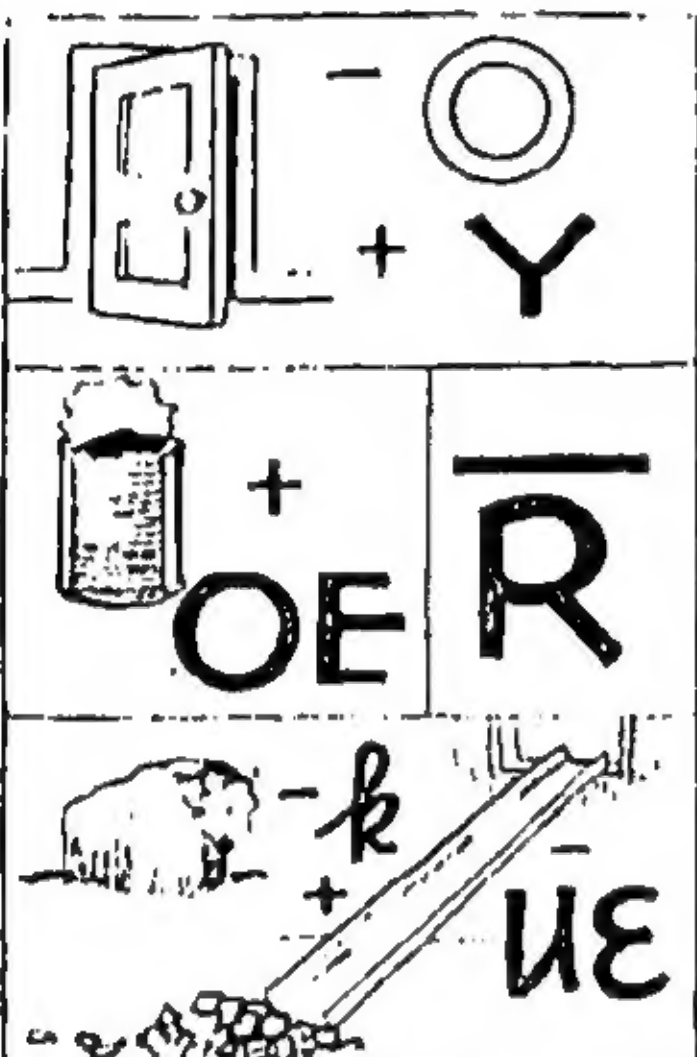
MATCH 'EM

From the first list, match the name of the person with the name of the correct ship in the second list.

- 1 Henry Hudson
- 2 Christopher Columbus
- 3 Captain Bligh
- 4 Robert Fulton
- 5 Pinet
- 6 Clermont
- 7 Half Moon
- 8 Bounty

BOAT REBUS

Use the words and pictures to find the four types of watercraft hidden in the rebus.



ACROSS

- 1 He works on boats
- 6 Torrid
- 7 Negative reply
- 8 Be quiet
- 10 Place (adj)
- 12 Note in Guide's role
- 14 Found in the sea

DOWN

- 1 Passenger boat
- 2 Army order (adj)
- 3 Possessive pronoun
- 4 deck
- 5 Native of Rome
- 9 Dress edge
- 11 Musical note
- 13 Behold

DIAMOND

A STEAMER provided the Puzzlemaster with a centre for his word diamond. The word is "a possessive pronoun"; it is in "no form" with a "Puzzle Island group" and sixth is "what liners eat on" Complete the diamond by these clues.

S
T
E
A
M
E
R
M
A
I
N
H

FAMOUS SHIPS

Each of these strange lines is the name of a famous ship. Can you find the ship in the list below?

A MAI IS A TAN
IT CAN BE
MANY QUEER
IS ROD DOLE SIN

THE FAMOUS OVERNIGHT GUEST

At one time, Mark Twain and his wife were the overnight guests of friends, whose household had a large number of clocks. Their ticking kept Twain awake, so he went around and stopped them all. As a result, everyone overslept the following morning. When the hostess woke up and discovered what had happened, she went to her famous guest and told him about it.

"Well, those clocks were overworked anyway," replied Mark Twain. "They will feel much better now after a night's rest."

ZOO'S WHO

INDIANS VALUE THE PORCUPINE AS FOOD, BUT THE WHITE MAN HAS MADE LITTLE USE OF THIS ANIMAL.



UNDoubtedly EGGS WERE ONE OF THE ORIGINAL NATURAL FOODS OF THE HUMAN RACE AND HAVE BEEN USED FOR FOOD SINCE THE BAWN OF HISTORY.

THE CHIMP OF A CRICKET HAS A SURPRISING CARRYING POWER: A CRICKET BARELY AN INCH LONG HAS A CHIMP ABILITY FOR ALMOST A MILE.

A SHORT STORY THE BAD REPORT CARD

By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

THE last person he wanted to see was his younger sister, Elly, but there she was coming toward him across the park.

"What's yuh sittin' here for?" she demanded when she reached the bench.

As he remained silent, she added, "But you're afraid to go home because you flunked everything!"

Bob Andrews winced as he thought of the report card in his pocket.

Then a girl on the far side of the park yelled, "Hey, Elly!" And as Elly raced off, he pushed himself to his feet. He wished he could forget the report card, but how could you forget when you knew you'd get a scolding out from Mom and Dad?

He lowered his head as he set off down East 7th Street, where the buses ran, then gave a jump as a bus honked its horn close behind him.

He had a terrifying glimpse of the big yellow bus coming straight at him, heard the harsh scream of brakes, above the shrill screams of women, saw the child's frightened blue eyes as he grabbed her and lunged toward the curb. Then he felt the hard asphalt against the whole length of his body.

He wasn't hurt. That was his first thought as someone in the swiftly assembled crowd lifted him to his feet.

Clothes dirty and a bruise on one knee, that was all.

And the child wasn't hurt. But Bob knew death had come close to both of them. His legs shook.

People began to praise him and ask his name and where he lived. In the midst of the questions, he flung his cap from him, and the battered old cap came flying down the street.

He had gone little more than a block when he heard a running foot behind him. "Hey, Bob, wait, wait!" A. I. there was Elly again, her face was bright.

She was out of breath when he reached him.

"Bob! What you and! Gee, I never knew—I had a brother."

Bob let his feet drag, wishing he didn't have to go home. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled the card out. Wouldn't it be wonderful if by some magic, the marks now were all good?

He turned the card quickly back as he heard the car of a bus coming along Benson Street.

When he reached the intersection he saw it and, boy, was it coming fast.

The next instant Bob aped something that forced a low cry from his lips.



At his left, well out from the curb, a child was pushing a doll carriage, on her way across the street and in a matter of seconds the bus would come swinging round the turn.

For an awful instant it seemed there was nothing anybody could do.

Then Bob hurled himself forward.

He had a terrifying glimpse of the big yellow bus coming straight at him, heard the harsh scream of brakes, above the shrill screams of women, saw the child's frightened blue eyes as he grabbed her and lunged toward the curb. Then he felt the hard asphalt against the whole length of his body.

He wasn't hurt. That was his first thought as someone in the swiftly assembled crowd lifted him to his feet.

Clothes dirty and a bruise on one knee, that was all.

And the child wasn't hurt. But Bob knew death had come close to both of them. His legs shook.

People began to praise him and ask his name and where he lived. In the midst of the questions, he flung his cap from him, and the battered old cap came flying down the street.

He had gone little more than a block when he heard a running foot behind him. "Hey, Bob, wait, wait!" A. I. there was Elly again, her face was bright.

She was out of breath when he reached him.

"Bob! What you and! Gee, I never knew—I had a brother."

Bob let his feet drag, wishing he didn't have to go home. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled the card out. Wouldn't it be wonderful if by some magic, the marks now were all good?

He turned the card quickly back as he heard the car of a bus coming along Benson Street.

When he reached the intersection he saw it and, boy, was it coming fast.

The next instant Bob aped something that forced a low cry from his lips.

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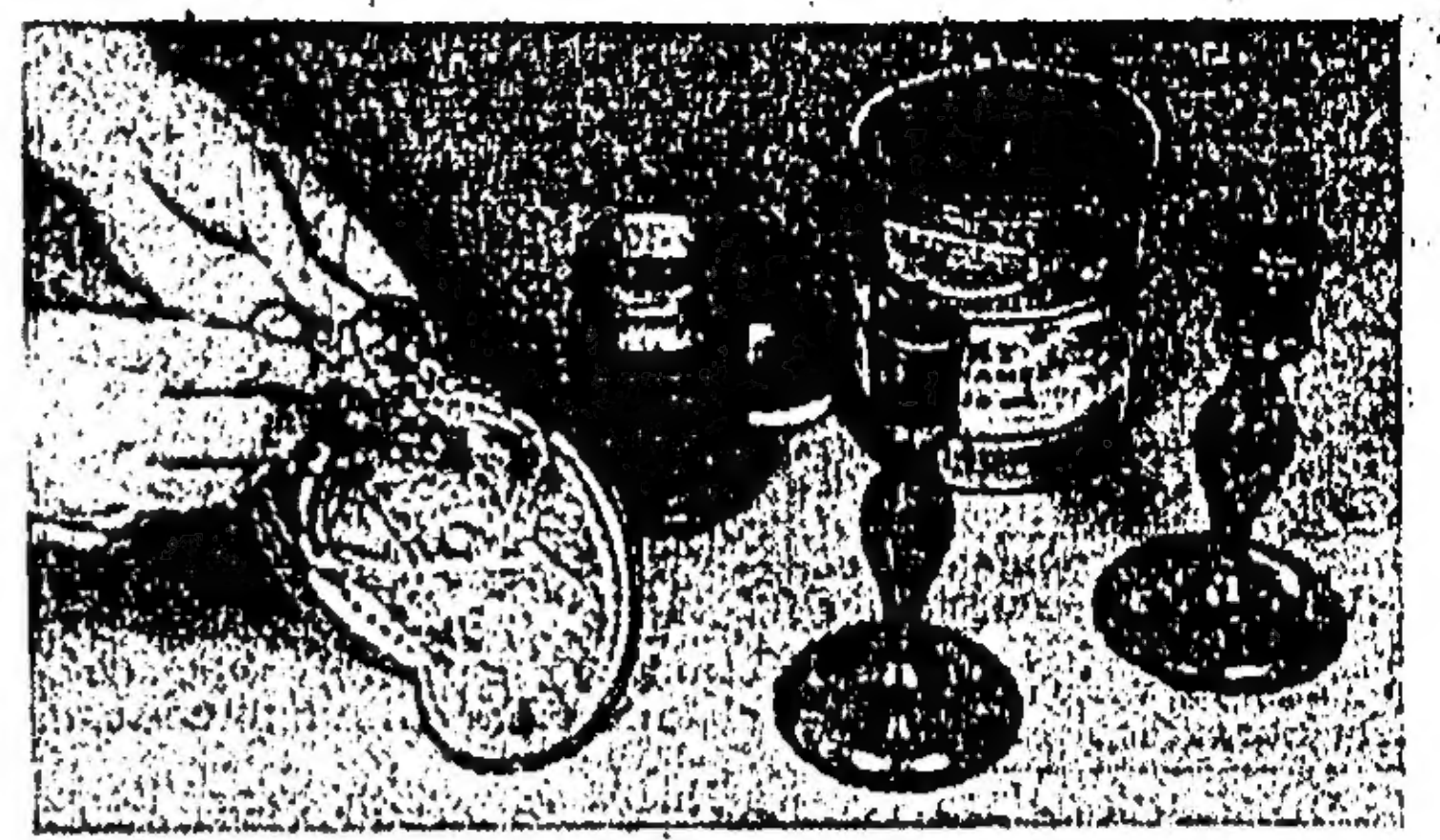
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Create Items Of Beauty From Discards

HUNT up a pair of discarded candlesticks. Then find an old dish whose shape complements your candlesticks.

Decide where the set will be used and also consider the favourite colours of the person you want to give it to. Select your paints accordingly and paint the candlesticks and dish to match. Lacquers will usually work best.

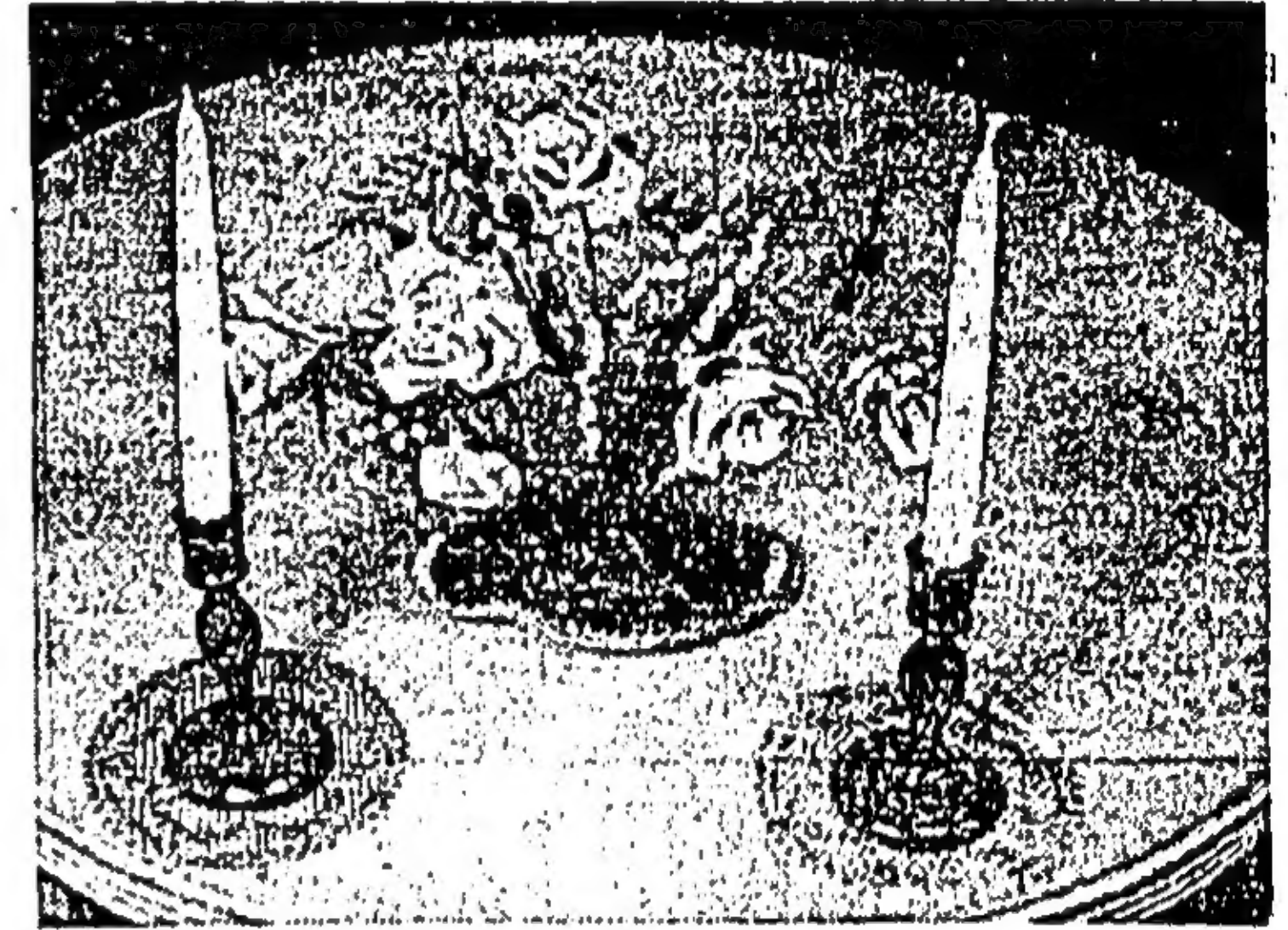
If you paint the underside of the dish a different colour, you can use matching dollies under the candlesticks.



Here, the bottom, sides and fluting at the top of an old pickle dish are painted with gold. Candlesticks and the inside of dish are painted in a complementary colour of lacquer.

You can use a little glass frog to hold real flowers in the dish. Or you can get a crepe paper flower book and experiment with making artificial flowers, which you can stick in a lump of modelling clay in the dish.

Use your ingenuity. See what interesting sets like this you can create from items no longer used.



Matching dollies and real or paper flowers complete the set.

Novelty Silhouette Stamp

I COULD not resist buying this silhouette stamp. It is a novelty from Western Germany and the white head of Heinrich Heine is set on a background of green. He loved the greenness of the Harz Mountains and his winter journey through them—Harzreise in Winter—is one of the most delightful of his earlier works.



In many ways Heine is one of the most peculiar Germans who ever lived. He was so sensitive that for years he preferred to live in France. From boyhood his intellectual outlook had been French rather than German.

And one of the chief aims of his later life was to make the French and Germans acquainted with one another's artistic achievements.

All this at a time when the average German thought more about hunting and beer-swilling than how to get along with his neighbours on the other side of the Rhine.

Heine's outspoken opinions of the German government in the first half of last century remained an insuperable hindrance to his securing any official employment in the Fatherland. But in his writings—both poetry and prose poured from his pen—he possessed a simplicity and directness of feeling which even his most severe critics admired.

Heine died 100 years ago. The silhouette stamp commemorating him is prefaced 13/4, printed in photogravure and costs 4d in London.—J.K.A.

Simon's Kind Deed

—It Seemed Silly To Mother Hubbard And The Pie-man—

By MAX TRELL

BEHIND the bookcase was a street called Broomstick Lane. It was a wonderful street, for it ran right through Mother Goose town.

It was here, on Broomstick Lane, that Knarf and Hand the shadows with the turned-about names, came on their friend Simon.

A Lollipop Tree

Simon was sitting under a lollipop tree eating a green peppermint lollipop which he had just picked. Knarf and Hand both greeted him pleasantly. After asking Knarf and Hand what kind of lollipops they liked best, and shaking several of them down from the branches of the tree, Simon strolled slowly with them down the lane.

"I'm always doing silly things," he said.

"No, you aren't," Hand said, trying not to hurt Simon's feelings (though she really thought he did some rather silly things now and then).

Knarf, however, wanted to know what silly things Simon had just done.

Basket Of Potatoes

"Wa-a," said Simon, "this morning my mother asked me to go to market for a basket of potatoes and a bag of flour and a big tin of milk. Mother Hubbard was going shopping, too, so I went with her. We both rode in the Pie-man's cart."

"Wa-a," said Simon again. "I bought the things my mother wanted all right. They were all very heavy. Mother Hubbard had a lot of parcels, too. Then we both went back to the Pie-man, who was still waiting with his cart and the old horse that pulled it, and we got in. The



Simple Simon was sitting under a lollipop tree.

Pie-man said he would take us both back home.

"The next moment," Simon went on, "the old horse started pulling the cart with us in it. Mother Hubbard put all her parcels down on the floor of the cart. But I still held my basket of potatoes and my bag of flour and my big tin of milk."

"Suddenly," Mother Hubbard and the Pie-man both noticed that I was still holding them.

"What," they cried, "haven't you sense enough to put them down when you're riding in the cart? That's the silliest thing we've ever seen!"

"And they both burst out laughing."

Simon turned sadly to Knarf and Hand.

Heavy Things

"Now why was it silly for me to keep carrying those heavy things while I was in the cart? You see," he explained, "the poor old horse had enough work to do carrying me and Mother Hubbard and the Pie-man without having to carry my basket of potatoes and bag of flour and tin of milk as well. I only wanted to help the old horse."

Knarf started to laugh.

But Hand said very gravely to Simon: "Since you were riding in the cart with your heavy load, it wouldn't be helping the horse any for you to be carrying them, too. He was carrying them anyway. The only way you could have helped the horse would have been by walking with your load of shopping."

Simple Simon sighed. "I never seem to think of the right thing to do! Oh, dear, I'm so stupid."

But Hand kissed him. "We love you just the same," she said.

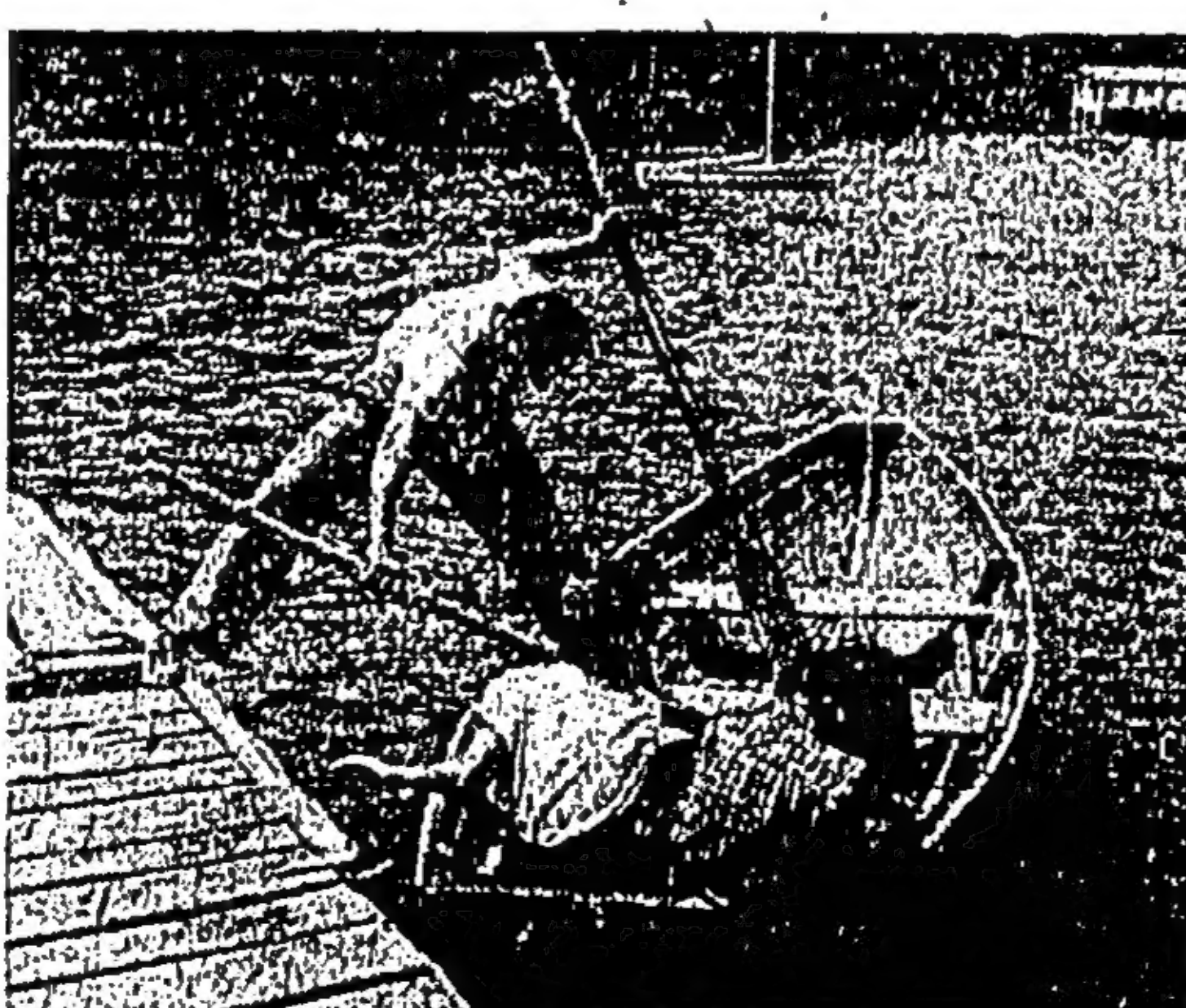
"Yes, we do!" said Knarf. "And I'm made Simple Simon's friend again. He'd want his friends to love him."

How To Test Your Knowledge Of Water Safety

HOW much do you really know about safety when you are out in a small boat such as a skiff or canoe? Test your knowledge.

Answer true or false to each of these questions; then check your answers.

1. If your small boat capsizes, your best lifesaver is the overturned boat.
2. When your small boat capsizes, the best thing you can do is to swim ashore.
3. Even with inexperienced swimmers along it is not too difficult to right an overturned boat.
4. When a boat capsizes it soon sinks completely to the bottom, so get away from it.
5. Even a small boat will keep several people afloat for an indefinite time.
6. You stand a much better chance of being spotted, either from another boat or from the air, if you remain with the boat.
7. If you remain in a sitting position in a submerged boat your body is 10 times lighter than it would be if you stood upright.
8. If you remain seated in a submerged boat you can hand-paddle yourself to safety.
9. If a swimmer falls overboard, jump in and rescue him even if you aren't too good a swimmer.
10. The best way to rescue someone from a small boat is to extend an ear for him to grasp.
11. When boarding a small boat, step onto a seat rather than onto the boat's bottom.
12. Step into the centre of the boat rather than to the side close to the deck.



Not long for the surface, that boy. Armful of ears and ship-to-shore giant steps do not make for waterless landings.

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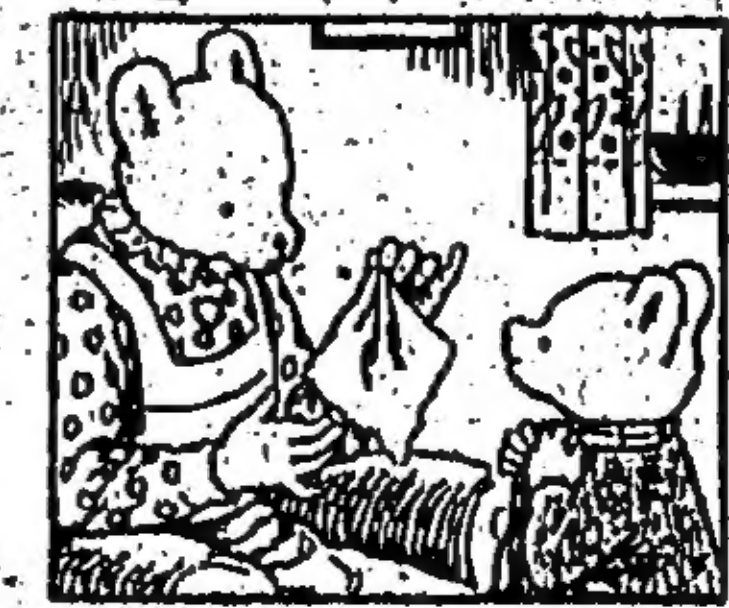
(Answers on Page 20)

IT'S RIDDLE TIME

1. Why are you always tired on April Fool's Day?
2. What, in eighteen legs and catches flies?
3. How many buttons can you put into an empty box?
4. Which is bigger, Mrs. Bigger or her baby?
5. When a clock strikes thirteen what time is it?
6. What part of Boston is in Chicago?
7. What tree is like an animal's coat?

(Answers on Page 20)

Rupert and the Winter Woolly—43



Mrs. Bear takes the piece of ice-cold cloth gingerly, and while Rupert has his breakfast, he explains just what it is. It's made from threads from those caterpillars I called winter woolies, and it's used to make summer woolies to keep Jack Frost



and his people cool in hot weather," he says breathlessly. "And now may I go and see the old Professor at 11, promised? He must see it too. Handly has he started when Willie Moose runs up eager for news of the strange winter woolies."

All right, answered

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1942

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1956.

ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN